CAVALCADE

JULY 1

FIFTY FAIR WOMEN

THE AVENGING SNAPSHOT

Cavalcade

CONTENTS ☆ JULY, 1948

ARTICLES

Fifty Fair Women	Beatrice Grimshaw	5
The Bones in the Soup	James Holledge	8
The Shrine Built with Snakes	Anthony Strong	12
Dictator Smith of Skagway	Leo Butler	16
The World in Water	Michael Noonan	20
The Avenging Snapshot	Craig Rice	24
Killeen and the "Limbies"	Barry Young	28
The Man Who Stole Food	Frank Soroo	54
Rise and Fall of John Montague	Bill Delany	58
Chinese Pirates Today	C. Mason Kerr	62

FICTION

Luck for a Lady	Morie J. Fanning	38
Crocodile's Brother	Kevin Horte	42
The Road to Jericho	Cedric Mentiplay	93

FEATURES

Passing Sentences		34
Photographic		35, 76
Sweet and Dry	Gibson	50-52
Medicine on the March		53
The Home of To-day	W. Watson Sharp	66-68
PICTURE STORY Glamour Gams		70-75
Cavalcade's Story of a Film		78
Cartoons	7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 33, 47, 48, 57, 61, 65	

Names in cartoons or writings other than factual are fictitious.

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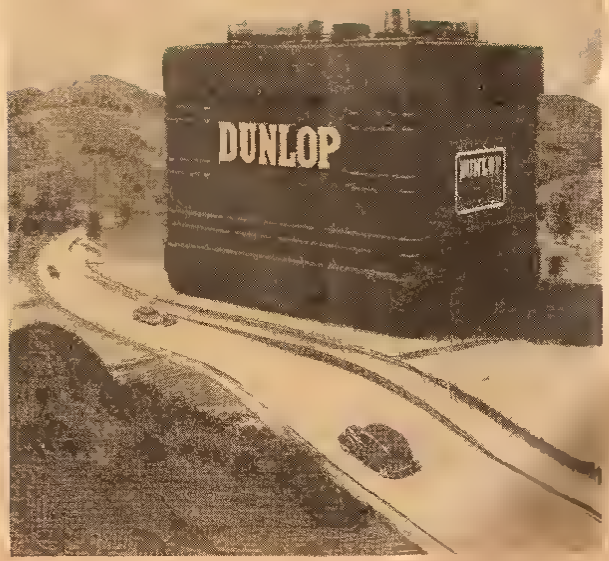


BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

FIFTY FAIR WOMEN

Miners come to town with their gold, and girls are waiting for them.

It was nearing Christmas time. One would rather have reached the goldfield before, or after, but ships didn't keep time, and planes were not much help

I had seen a goldfield before, one that was widely scattered over miles of tropical jungle with a few dauntless pioneers working not very profitable claims.

There had been no women there, and nobody seemed to be distressed by the fact When the miners wanted female society, they took a few months off from their claims, and travelled to Sydney or Melbourne, returning happy but broke

I was a respectable middle-aged lady, and they received me politely, asked me to lunch a few times, offered me whisky which I didn't want, and one or two souvenir nuggets, which, for reasons purely personal, I declined with thanks. Solitary, strange, remote from the world —that was my impression of a goldfield.

But the goldfield I visited years later, some days before the Christmas celebrations, was amazingly different You could reach it in that new day of air travel without danger, although not without a good deal of inconvenience

When you arrived, you went to the one "hotel," and asked for a room

The proprietress, whom fortun-

ately I had met before, didn't receive me gladly, but she did find me a room of sorts, and said she hoped I wasn't going to stay very long. The place would be "busy" soon. That was an understatement.

From the week before Christmas, the men began to "come in." And ready to meet them came, from all points of the compass, "the Girls."

By the time that the season of peace and goodwill had dawned, there were about fifty. Every corner of the hotel was filled, the bar functioned day long and night long, and the few scattered songs that had ushered in the festival became a constantly roaring chorus.

The miners sang ceaselessly, mostly old bush songs or ordinary melodies, somewhat jazzed up to suit. "The Girls" didn't sing. Some of them had sung on stage and concert platform, but all knew just how best to please their patrons—that knowledge was their stock-in-trade—and they were aware that man, untrammelled, and well lit, likes to do his own singing.

"The Girls" can't have liked this Christmas bellowing; many of them could have emulated the Venetian, under the same circumstances; but they smiled and praised. They knew their job . . .

They were never tired. They never interrupted. They were always sympathetic, always eager to take the part of the speaker, whoever he might be. They didn't mind a man being drunk, nor did they tell him to go and shave himself before they'd speak to him.

They spoke in soft tones, and smoothed the self esteem of their companions till the latter fairly purred. They were the essence of everything femmine, from the toes of their small, costly shoes to the top of their exquisitely dressed heads. To men fresh from months of the jungle, with only wild savages for company, they were heaven.

It was a wonderful show of fashion there in that remote pub, with the overflowing bush pushing up to the edges of the verandah. "The Girls" had armed themselves with all the latest from America and Paris; silks and velvets, gold and silver trimming, embroidery, costly cut and clever design.

That year, almost everyone was wearing backless dresses; but most of the Girls had chosen modest little frocks that pleased rather by what they concealed, than what they displayed.

Now the pace began to increase, there was dancing to the wireless, not much wilder than one might see in some Palais de Danse down South, but nevertheless unorthodox. There was singing that degenerated into a roar of half a hundred men scarce able to stand, accompanied by feminine shrieks.

I found my room a refuge; the native boys brought food. There was no chance of sleep that night.

It was late or early, I don't know which, when there came a scarcely audible knocking at my door. I took no notice. The door was locked, and no one had any right to disturb me. But came again; and with it a woman's voice—"Let me in. Oh, let me in!"

There was something desperate in the sound. I answered, speaking close, so that I could be heard above the tumult outside. "Who is it? What do you want at this late hour?"

No answer, just the knocking, harder and more desperate, and something like crying, that followed.

"Who are you?" I asked, somewhat foolishly, since I did not know anyone's name.

The woman, whoever she was, did not answer that. She shook the handle of the door. "Oh, let me in!" she called again.

I unlocked the door, and instantly, from the lights and the roaring sounds and the reek of drink outside, a slim shining figure burst into the darkened room, and slammed the door behind her. She locked it almost as she entered, and shot the bolt as well.

It was too dark for me to see what she was like. She was panting as if she had run a mile, and hardly keeping back her sobs. She flung herself on the second bed of the room, which had been stripped of all but the mattress, and lay there like a corpse, unmoving and silent.

Later in the night there was a violent attack on the door, and a name that I could not distinguish was shouted, together with kicks and blows.

There was a low dispute presently outside the door, and some remonstrance. Silence followed.

The woman did not move or speak. The tropic dawn was not yet due. I tried to sleep, in the comparative quiet that had fallen on the house. By and by, I woke. It was half light, and the room was empty of anyone but myself.

I never knew who the refugee had been, or what was her desperate need. She left no story behind her, and no trace save a breath of sweet and powerful scent.

In the morning I asked the manageress to find me transport of some kind. I did not fancy another day or night in the "hotel," to which I had been obliged to come by the absence of all shelter elsewhere.

After a day of difficult walking, I reached a shack owned by a mining company, and found rough shelter there. The rest has no interest. But my experience among fifty fair women is something unforgettable and something that won't happen again.

IRKEN MORNSEN

THE *Bones* IN THE SOUP

JAMES HOLLEDGE

The anatomy student was enjoying his meal when he suddenly left the table

THE Piccadilli Restaurant in the little city of Botosani in Rumania was crowded with satisfied patrons at luncheon on 28th April, 1936. Ivancho Angheloff the proprietor had a reputation among the local factory workers for good, tasty food at cheap prices.

He had made money by doing his own cooking, and only employed a waiter, waitress, kitchen-maid, and sometimes an assistant cook. As he looked out from the kitchen at the crowded tables, one of his regular customers saw him and raised his glass of cheap, red wine in a toast.

"Here's to you, Ivancho. The best cook in Botosani. This stew is even better than usual. What have you done to give it such an appetising flavour?"

The pleased Angheloff smiled at the compliment and turned back into the kitchen. At that moment a newcomer, a young man with a commercial traveller's bag in his hand, entered the restaurant and sat down at a corner table.

Gregory Cazacu was a moody, unhappy fellow, who earned his living by peddling women's underclothing round the countryside. A few years before he had been a brilliant medical student in Bucharest, but he had been forced to quit his studies when the depression ruined his father's business.

He ordered a bottle of cotnar, a thick, greenish, local wine, and a plate of mutton borsch from the pretty, little waitress, Helena Marin Cazacu, however, had no eyes for her beauty. His mind wandered back to his happier student days.

From his steaming plate he picked out a tidbit of lamb's tail and meditatively sucked. Then he placed it on his side plate as he remembered his anatomy lectures.

"Let me see," he mused. "How many vertabrae are there in the human spine?"

Suddenly he sat up, snapped out of his reverie by what he saw in the little bones on his plate.

"Why," he murmured to himself, that looks more like a human bone, a phalange, than the vertebra of a lamb's tail."

Picking up the bone he turned it over in his hand. Then with his fork he fished out several more bones from his plate.

There was no doubt about it. The skeleton of a human finger could be easily distinguished.

Suddenly, with a feeling of horror and revulsion, he realised what he had done.

"These are human finger bones!" he exclaimed. "I have eaten human flesh!"

Shudderingly he picked up the bones in his handkerchief, and pushed his plate away. He had to get out of this place and to the police.

He looked around him at the hungry labourers, stuffing their mouths with tasty-smelling food. Had he gone mad, or had he walked into a den of cannibals?

Jumping up he rushed to the counter, threw some money down, and stepped out into the street. What a relief to be out in the clean air again! He felt as if he had been released from some foul pit.

The chief of the local police, Constantine Dabija, listened to Cazacu's story incredulously. Was this an escaped madman who had walked into his office?

"I can see you don't believe me," said the former medical student. "Well, here is the proof."

He tumbled the bones out of his handkerchief on to the desk. Aroused now, Dabija summoned the chief medical officer, Dr. Paul Sveltz.

"Doctor, can you tell me what these are?" he asked, pointing to the tiny bones on the table.

"Why, those are the phalanges of a human finger. The third finger, I'd say."

The police chief wasted no time after that. He hurried with the doctor and other officers across the town to the Piccadilli Restaurant.

Straight into the kitchen they marched, and found fat, swarthy Angheloff grilling a slice of liver and a steak.

Dr. Sveltz told him they were Public Health Officers, and desired to see if the meat larder complied with the regulations.

Shrugging his shoulders, the cafe owner pointed out the storeroom, and the doctor entered. He carefully examined a raw kidney and a piece of liver. Coming out, he nodded to the chief, who went up to Angheloff, still busily cooking.

"Where do you buy your meat?" he demanded.

"In the town market, generally, but to-day I bought some fresh veal and mutton from a peasant farmer from the hills. They were cheaper than the market."

Telling his men to clear the customers out and shut the shop, Dabija had the doctor thoroughly examine all the meat in the kitchen. As they

JOAN CRAWFORD says I am an adopted mother
My four are Christina—eight, Christopher—four, and Cynthia and Cathy, who are babies Before my life is through I hope there are six more at our house

Two factors keep that from becoming true immediately One is that kids demand room for growing Cynthia and Cathy pushed Christina and Christopher out of the nursery They alternate now, these older two, between my only spare bedroom and sharing my sleeping porch So the other six must wait a bit until we can add wings to the house, or something I am now experiencing that familiar maternal pinch Children are a costly investment, but an investment that pays the highest returns in the world—*from PHOTOPLAY, the world's best motion picture magazine*

feared it had come from a human body

When told, Angheloff was stupefied.

"But how can it be?" he cried aghast. "I bought it from the peasant—it looked like mutton."

They eventually got a description of the peasant out of him. He was a little, short man with a black beard, who often came around the shops selling meat

The staff was then interrogated. The waitress, Helena, and the kitchen-maid denied all knowledge of the meat. The assistant cook said the same. It had looked like mutton to him, although some of it seemed to have a peculiar smell.

Then it was discovered that the waiter was missing. Heinze was his name, and he had apparently walked out with the customers

A general alarm was issued to all police to pick up both the missing waiter and the peasant who had supplied the meat. The police theory was that Heinze was the murderer, who had cut up his victim and disposed of the pieces to the peasant, with instructions to sell them to Angheloff, so that he himself could watch, and be sure of their final disposal.

In a few days a peasant who fitted Angheloff's description, was picked up in the neighbouring village of Suceava. He was a travelling meat-vendor and often visited Botosani

Dabija hurried to the village but was confronted with an iron-clad alibi The man was sick in bed in his home, and had witnesses to prove it, on the day he had allegedly sold the human flesh

The detective was nonplussed. This was undoubtedly the man Angheloff had described for no other bearded peasants ever sold meat in Botosani.

Trying to puzzle this out, Chief Dabija returned to his office, to be greeted with the news that the waiter Heinze had been captured He had been hiding in a room in a local hotel.

Under intensive questioning, however, he insisted he knew nothing about the human meat He had run away, certainly, but that was because he was frightened of the police as he had been stealing from Angheloff's cash register.

The doctor had determined that the flesh had come from a middle-aged woman. Men were sent to check Heinze's home-life, to see if any of his women friends were missing.

In the back room of the shop detectives found some women's clothes. Angheloff admitted they belonged to his wife who had left him a few days before.

Dabija jumped on this news like a leased terrier He confronted the frightened man with the fact that both the peasant and Heinze the waiter had cleared themselves

"I didn't kill her," Angheloff wailed. "She went away I told you."

"How did you do it, Angheloff?"

"I didn't. I didn't You can't prove anything on me"

This was strictly true. Dabija's evidence was too flimsy to convince a jury at a murder trial.

Then the investigators had a stroke of luck. Under a piece of matting on the bedroom floor was a huge bloodstain. Also in the backyard, was found the charred remains of a burnt mattress.

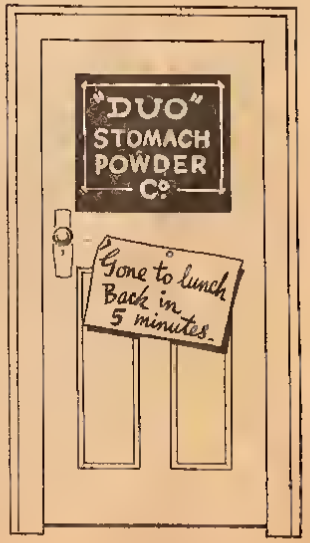
The fat prisoner broke down and wept. "All right, I did it. Now are you satisfied?"

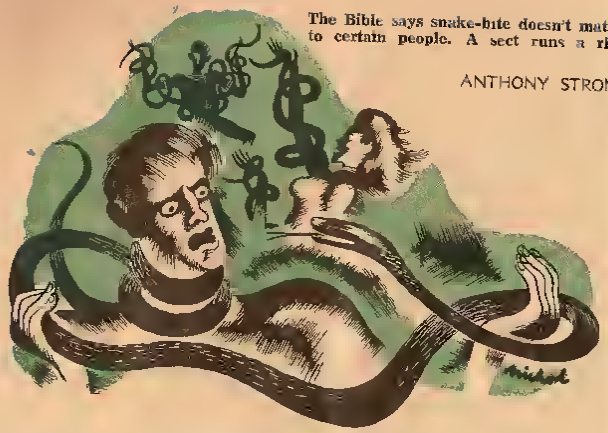
In his confession he stated his wife was always nagging him Unable to stand it any longer, he had smashed her over the head with an axe

He had thought that cutting up the body and cooking it was the best method of disposal. The parts that couldn't be cooked, the hair, fingernails, and so on, he had burned and thrown in the garbage can.

"The next day," he concluded, "I opened for business as usual, and tried to forget the horrible thing I had done I did my best to dispose of the human meat quickly, but it took a long time. If I had only had a few more hours——"

Appalled at the story of this incredible butcher, the jury at his trial did not take long to find him guilty. There was no death penalty in Rumania at the time, so he was sentenced to life imprisonment in the dreaded Doftana Prison in the Carpathian Mountains, where he remains to this day.





The Bible says snake-bite doesn't matter to certain people. A sect runs a risk.

ANTHONY STRONG

THE SHRINE BUILT WITH *Snakes*

GEORGE HENLEY is a small, elderly man whose eyes, set above a face that is almost invariably covered with a stubble of beard, gleam with the light of a fanatic. Like his neighbors of Pineville, Kentucky, he is semi-illiterate, lives frugally in a small shack, and gets his living by working in the coal mines dug in the hills that surround his home.

But among his neighbors, Henley is regarded with some veneration, for as a member of the Holiness Faith Healers, he has proved his faith by allowing himself to be bitten by no less than 250 snakes—and has recovered from all of the bites without resorting to medical aid.

Had he sought the assistance of a doctor, he would no longer be a member of the cult, because healing must come from faith alone. As he says: "If I am bitten, it is better that I die trusting the Lord than to sin by asking the devil to send a doctor. The serpent is the devil—and how am I going to conquer the devil if I can't conquer a little snake?"

He will support his words by referring you to the Biblical promise upon which the cult is founded:

"They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them. They shall lay hands upon the sick, they shall recover." (*St Mark* 16:18.)

To Henley, as to the other tens of thousands of Holiness Faith Healers, snakes are regarded with religious awe. To overcome their bites is to banish the devil, to succumb to them proof that the bitten person has not the strength nor the will to resist temptation. Most of the snakes which have sunk their fangs into Henley were copperheads and rattlers—serpents which, according to a well-known herpetologist, Dr. R. Allan, will produce death in only one per cent. and five per cent of cases respectively, provided the victim seeks quick medical assistance.

Henley, of course, refuses medical aid, but it is possible that having survived the first few snake bites, he has developed an immunity towards copperheads and rattlers. Other cultists have not been so lucky or immune—or they have lacked Henley's faith, for in eight years, at least 15 deaths by snake bite have been recorded among Holiness Faith Healers.

Proudly, they will recall the case of Luther Morrow, of the Grasshopper Community of Tennessee, who deliberately allowed a rattler to bite him without ill-effect: that is, to Morrow; the snake, however, died within an hour.

One of the factors contributing to immunity, say herpetologists, is that the hill-billy centres of Holiness Faith Healers are also the location of illicit stills in which potent corn liquor is distilled. In addition, the fanaticism of the cultists, manifesting itself in excitement, hysteria and hypnotism, help them to overcome bites.

The cult came into being in 1930, when an itinerant evangelist, K. D. Browning, gathered a few believers around him on Pine Mountain, Kentucky, then the main centre of the faithful. Browning found his inspiration in the Biblical quotations:

"Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and all over the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means hurt you" (*Luke* 10.19) and *"For, behold, I will send serpents, cockatrices among you, which will not be charmed, and they shall bite you."* (*Jeremiah* 8:17.)

To the illiterate, superstitious Kentuckians of the hills—many of them descendants of Scotch-Irish criminal immigrants, the Biblical promises of immunity from snake bite—and the mountains of Kentucky abound in snakes—was sufficient encouragement to join the cult. Soon, the gospel was being preached in the hill-billy centres of Tennessee and Virginia, whose inhabitants were just as ready to follow the lead given by wild-tongued and eyed evangelists. Virginians, as unschooled in academic subjects as their fellows in the neighbouring States, were good potential cultists, and in 1935, headquarters of the Holiness Faith Healers was moved to Stony Creek, a remote town in that State.

There, twice each month, the believers gather at the Shrine of Divine Healing—or as it is known to outsiders, the Church of the Snake Healers—in order to reaffirm their piety. Thousands of cultists, carrying lanterns to light their way, struggle along tenuous paths, armed with baskets of food to sustain them through the day-long and night-long meeting.

Begins then an orgy of emotionalism that may continue for 24 hours.

SONG OF THE HARP.

Her eyes were the blue of the heavens
Her hair the color of corn,
Her voice had the lilt of the skylark
That sings on a fine summer's morn
They met He called her angel,
And she replied in kind
They entered holy wedlock,
Their Fate for ever entwined
She was, he said, his angel,
For who was he to carp,
When she flew so often in the air,
And boy! How she could harp

—W G D

Under the spell of the Elders, about whose necks writhe the deadly snakes, the believers begin to clang symbols, clap rhythmically, and when they have passed the stage of vocal intelligibility, to utter gibberish and to stamp in primitive dances—an effect that has caused more than one spectator to remark that Holiness Faith Healers and jitterbugs possess a lot in common. Meanwhile, venomous snakes are passed from hand to hand and hung around necks.

Children do not always take easily to the rites, and screaming babies are often forced to handle copperheads and rattlers against their will. Last year, when 15-year-old Kentucky girl, Fay Nolan, panicked and was bitten, she was hidden away by her parents for a month until, with her right arm paralysed, she was again taken to a meeting and ordered to prove her faith.

But in spite of the Biblical promises, Fay's nerves failed, and she collapsed. Then, before 6000 cultists, a 10-year-old girl indicated her contempt for Fay by dancing around the circle with a mass of snakes coiling her body.

While the handling of snakes is the basis of the religion, many Holiness Faith Healers, far gone in hysteria, take part in the "Bath of Fire"—a rite in which bodies are held across a flaming torch that has a handkerchief soaked in kerosene for a wick. To justify this ceremony, too, the Elders have gone to the Bible.

"*When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee*" (Jeremiah 42:2.) No deaths have been recorded as a result of this practice, but another rite ("*and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall hurt them*") has brought death to two women who, while in a frenzy, drank strychnine.

The three States of America concerned by the activities of the Holiness Faith Healers have passed Statutes forbidding the practice, but, backed by the Biblical promises, the cultists have expressed their scorn for the law.

They, like the Dukhobors of Canada and the Raskolniks of old Russia, are so frantically wedded to their fantastic faith that it is a pleasure to them to suffer the penalties of law-breaking—they become martyrs then, and to their mentality, martyrdom is a glorious and highly satisfying fate.

When two female members of the Healers were arrested recently, the gaol was surrounded by cultists who prayed noisily for the prisoners—who, nevertheless, indicated that they needed no prayers to aid them.

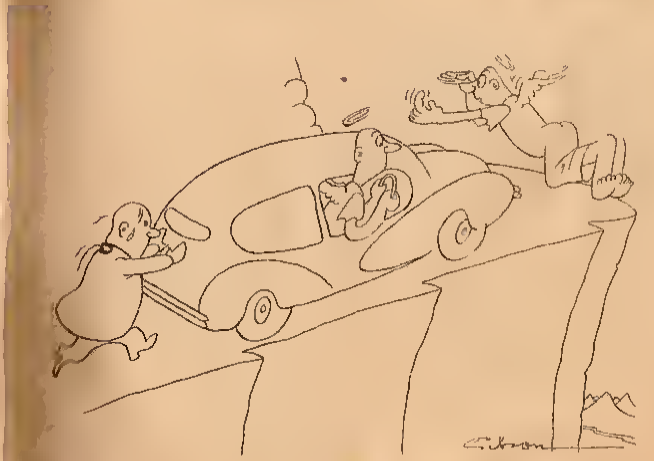
"I don't mind staying in gaol," said one. "I have a year old baby and a girl of 12, and they can both handle serpents and fire. I am raising them for the Lord. We don't chew gum, and we don't drink coffee."

Meanwhile, in the Hills, Bill Parsons, Elder of the Shrine of Divine Healing, made a bitter indictment on the laws of the State.

Among other remarks, he said:

"Let everybody get closer to God and handle more and bigger snakes. There is no Church on earth that can handle snakes as we do."

He is probably right.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS — No. 42

LEO BUTLER

DICTATOR SMITH OF SKAGWAY

A rough town in the bullet belt taken over by a guy who could clean up

GOLD! Just on half a century ago that cry sent thousands racing madly towards Klondike. Strikes of fabulous wealth had been made. Lucky prospectors had become rich overnight. In thousands of hearts the magic word engraved itself in glittering letters.

That rush never brought to the North a more astonishing character than the slick rogue who in '98 became the "Dictator of Skagway." "Soapy" Smith was great in his own small way. He started as an ordinary confidence trickster, but rose rapidly through the grades of gangsterdom to the position of dictator first in Creede, the silver mining town of Colorado, then in Skagway.

Skagway was the ideal centre for his activities. At the time of the rush it was the sort of inferno with which the filmgoer is only too familiar—except that it was a thousand times worse. Ships, regular, chartered and condemned, poured into it, carrying men from the far corners of the earth.

Those men knew no lure but gold, no law but their own desires and methods of growing rich. Not that all of them grew rich. They discovered that the business or reaching the goldfield was in itself arduous: the work of finding gold was at best a gamble, and the outcome of the advantage for many was poverty, starvation, and death.

People whose entire estate was on their backs tramped in an almost unending line of hopeful and vociferous seekers: and when the cold winter came the snow did not damp their ardour, though it froze many of them to death.

It is to be wondered whether the fate of the corpse in the snow, was any worse than that of the successful digger who came back, his fists full of gold, to pour that wealth into the saloons, gambling joints and brothels of Alaska's boom towns. For the gold won on the Klondike was a prime example of wealth which, even if it was not "easy come,' was indeed easy go."

The result can be easily visualised. Men who, through luck or perseverance, suddenly found themselves with handfuls of gold, became mad with success—they sneered and trampled on their less fortunate fellow fossickers in the mad race back to the boom towns. And in those towns the more crafty tradesmen and women of easy virtue, found it a fairly easy matter to effect the transfer of the gold from those who had won it to their own pockets.

In short, plentiful gold and reckless men, preyed upon by cunning men and women, were a sure foundation for a community in which the law was nothing more nor less than a figure of speech, silently represented by a token force completely incapable of upholding it against the superior numbers and the devil-may-care disposition of the population.

The "Mounties" were even then the official representatives of law and order; but they were appalled by the size of their responsibility, and by the rugged individuality of outstanding characters who in Australia would have been called the "leaders of the push." They had a knack of bossing.

Such a leader was "Soapy" Smith, and against this turbulent background he operated with spectacular results.

Colonel Sam Steele of the Canadian North-West Mounted Police declared "Skagway is the roughest town in the world. 'Soapy' Smith with his gang of one hundred and fifty ruffians runs the town and does what he pleases. Robbery and murder occur daily."

From the moment "Soapy" heard of the rush North he realised with the quick intuition of his type that Skagway was the ideal place for the exercise of his warped genius. He had been operating with his gang in the mining towns of the west of the United States, particularly in Creede.

He was then in the prime of life, some few years under forty, and one cannot help admiring his gifts—warped though they were—his powers of leadership, audacity, the eye to see the way to the domination of a large but self-occupied community, the gift for organisation, the unscrupulous bent for extremes, and the clearsightedness in exploiting amiable follies. "Soapy's" methods were blackguardly, his failures were as violent as his successes, and his death quick.

The incident which gave "Soapy" his first chance to assert his personality was the familiar cry of "Murder!" in the streets of the port. A bar-tender had fired at two men and killed one of them. Incensed miners had sprung upon the assailant, yanked him out of his saloon and were preparing to string him up to the nearest pole.

"Soapy" had the nerve and coolness of a leader of men. Accom-

PHENOMENON

Where there is dork there
isn't light,
And yet, there's little doubt,
Some folk of night
Are very bright
When all the lights are out!

T W N.

panied by his lieutenant, "Bishop" Bowers—so-called because of his sanctimonious air—and other leading lights, he rushed to the scene where the shivering wretch would have been throttled in a few moments but for "Soapy's" intervention. Elbowing his way through the crowd with six-shooter drawn, and backed up by his toughs, he declared he would drop the first man who dared to touch the rope.

With consummate effrontery he drawled out in his Southern tongue: "I always thought Skagway was a law-abiding town. Boys, we must do things right and proper. Do we know this man is guilty? Has he been given a fair trial? Come, now, give the man a chance."

The amazing thing was that, in this, the world's toughest town, he got away with it. And, with almost devilish genius, he knew every beat of its pulse. No sooner had the culprit been hustled off to gaol than "Soapy" was making a collection for the widow. Within a few minutes a thousand dollars were in hand and given to her, and Skagway nodded approval.

Then, following up his victory, "Soapy" audaciously announced that he was going to run Skagway—and run it "right." He did, much to the amazement of the gang and not a little to "Soapy's" profit. No other sharks got a look in, for they were told, short and sharp to clear out. The pickings of Skagway were to be left to its dictator and his minions. "Soapy's" gang dealt faithfully with any free-lance who dared set foot on their preserves, a bullet or a savage beat-up being his warning. At the same time the chief opened up a dance-hall and gambling saloon known as "Jeff's Place," for the sole purpose of fleecing any poor devil who was innocent enough to set foot inside.

In that city of shacks and tents, "Soapy" did not lack material for his nefarious harvest. Thousands streamed into Skagway and out beyond into White Horse Pass with their horses and belongings en route to the El Dorado they sought. They suffered untold hardships and the sinister title of "Dead Horse Gulch" by which the pass became known, casts a little light on the tragedies that occurred. On one mile of its most difficult stretch the carcases of three thousand five hundred horses were lying.

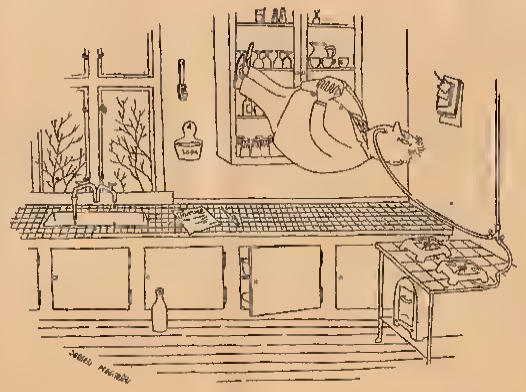
There were no vultures to pick their bones clean, but plenty of human harpies to prey upon the unhappy speculators who had hoped to win quick wealth. Many a victim was found lying lifeless by his sledge with a bullet hole through his back or skull, and everything that he had rifled. Some were lucky where the actual finding of gold was concerned; but they were worn out with the terrible journey, with frostbites that robbed them of the use of feet and hands, and all were ragged, haggard and hungry.

Such were the morals of Skagway in the days of '98, and for a few months "Soapy" reigned unchallenged. Then, one day the gang clubbed and robbed a Scots miner named Stewart of his hard-won three thousand dollars worth of gold dust. He was not of the forgetting sort, and was as tough as "Soapy" himself. Stewart went around telling his story to Skagway's engineer, Frank H. Reid, Major Strong and the element that had always opposed "Soapy's" gang.

It jerked them into action. They declared that they had had enough of "Soapy's" rule; decency must be restored; order maintained; the gang cleared. A fiat was issued to "Soapy" that if the gold was not returned every member of the gang would be arrested. He gathered his toughs and swore they would fight for their "rights and liberty."

Then, gun in hand, he strode to where Engineer Reid was holding a meeting of the men of Skagway who were determined to end "Soapy's" dictatorship. The two men's eyes met—"Halt!" snapped Reid, swinging his pistol forward. "Soapy's" gun came forward at the same moment. Simultaneously the weapons blazed; "Soapy" fell with a bullet through his heart, Engineer Reid dropped, too.

The fall of "Soapy" was a signal for a terrible vengeance on the gang who, leaderless, had no guts to stand up to the citizens they had so long preyed upon. Cornered and trapped, they yelled for mercy, but got little. To-day the bodies of "Soapy" and the man who ended his dictatorship lie within a few yards of each other.



MICHAEL NOONAN

THE WORLD IN WATER

The jars contained water from every sea in the world—and the seed of death.

ON a scorching August day in 1877, when stifling heat rolled along the streets of London, an argument came to an abrupt end on the doorstep of a tenement house called "Syracuse."

"I'm orderin' yer to remove yerself and yer precious water by dusk on the morrow!" The agent of the law strode off, leaving old Abel Coombes with a gross impression of mean eyes, contorted features and beefy, gaitered calves.

He closed the door slowly and returned thoughtfully to a room which was cool—even dank—compared with the simmering heat of the street. The walls were virtually blanketed with water. On shelves that might have been constructed to hold a massive library, there were scores of jars and bottles, all filled with a liquid that was for the most part perfectly clear.

For fifty years Abel Coombes had been collecting water.

He had samples from the streams, the rivers and the oceans of the world, from springs reputed to possess miraculous powers of healing; from canals on whose surfaces, at festival time, petals had been strewn as the barge of some Monarch or Potentate had glided by.

Abel's interest was never scientific. His was an interest of association. The water was the talisman that set him recollecting and romancing. A quarter of a pint of the Nile, grasped in his hand and held up to the light, set off a train of thought about the Pharaohs. A sample of a stream in a Norwegian fiord brought a picture of a thin white line of water perpendicular on a great black face of rock. A cupful of Mediterranean became a sea and a pageant of ships, from the galleys of Caesar to the pug-nosed frigates of Lord Nelson.

And now he must vacate "Syracuse." He must remove his strange chattels.

In this collection of his, amongst the gallons of water in the sealed and labelled containers, old Abel had the answer to the arrogance of the bailiff.

Abel Coombes was born in London when England was still flushed with the naval victories of the early years of the century. His family had direct contacts with the sea. His father, Isaac Coombes, was a partner in a small shipping firm that traded in a radius limited, except for occasional trips into the Baltic, to ports in the Channel and the North Sea.

The Coombes family lived at Greenwich, and frequently entertained captains and senior mariners. Perhaps their stories accounted for Abel's strange hobby. He himself said that he was enchanted for the rest of his lifetime by his first sight of raindrops on a spider-web caught in a beam of sunlight.

It happened when Coombes Senior was walking his offspring in the park. The lad had strayed to the back of some shrubbery. Isaac had little patience when he found his son carefully tapping drops of water off a spider-web into his cupped hand, nor did he have any sympathy when Abel almost broke into tears because the golden lights in the centres of the drops went out the moment they splashed into his palm.

During the years of his youth, Abel's passion for collecting water grew in secret. But at eighteen he was free to indulge as he pleased. His father had died and left him some property and a share in the business.

Abel at once set about forming his collection; every ocean, every sea, and every major river must be represented. He had the determination of a modern stamp-collector.

By the time he was twenty he had covered the British Isles. He had samples from the North Sea, the Irish Sea and the Atlantic. The labels stated briefly at what time of the year they were taken, and noted the state of the seas—whether calm or angry. He also had samples from lochs in Scotland and quiet lakes in Ireland.

His family found his growing collection too much for comfort, and he was obliged to leave the home at Greenwich for the tenement in Soho. It was part of the property left to him by Isaac.

His hobby became really expensive when he started to travel. Between wars and minor squabblings, he covered portion of Europe and brought back watery souvenirs of rivers and lakes in a dozen kingdoms and States. With the sample from the Grand Canal of Venice came music and song, with a dipping from the Rhine, the reflections of forests and castle, with the River Seine, the city of Paris in autumn array.

He was also paying seamen on foreign and distant trade routes to bring him back samples from harbours and roadsteads. But it was rumoured that the seamen left their sampling until their ships had dropped anchor at Tilbury and then filled the jars from the most convenient landing stage.

About this time there are several accounts of Abel. His eccentricity seems to have been confined wholly to his consuming passion for water.

KISS ME AGAIN.

Oh, Sandy MacDougall, tell me thus,
Where did you learn thuswise to kiss?
Where springs the secret of this art
That creates flutterings in my heart?
Give me, I pray you, explanation
How attained you the art of osculation?
My dear, replied the lover MacDougall
When in the Boy Scouts I played the bugle,
And kissing to me is now familiar
Because the arts are quite similar

In other respects he was quite rational, courteous—in fact, charmingly so—always well-attired and capable of giving an intelligent view on matters in general.

Leonard Villon, a lawyer connected with old Isaac's estate, called to see Abel one evening and pointed out that his funds were running out even if the water was being held. But Abel, having so easily ensnared a victim, refused to consider business matters until the unfortunate lawyer had been taken on a "grand tour" of the jars.

"Look at this!" exclaimed Abel for the hundredth time. He shook another jar at Villon's face and continued, "Look at it! The sacred River Ganges! I tell you, the prayers of millions can be heard drowning the easy running of its waters!" He pressed the sample to his ear momentarily. Eager to share the delight, he pressed it against the side of Villon's head. At the sudden touch of cold glass, the lawyer jumped back sharply. In doing so he knocked a jar from the table behind him. It fell onto the fender and smashed. The water spread quickly across the ash in the hearth.

"The Seine in autumn!" groaned Abel with such anguish that Villon felt himself guilty of some awful crime for which not only Coombes, but the entire French nation would forever damn him.

In the subsequent years Abel continued his travels. He took in the American continent. After each trip there was an arduous ritual of unpacking and labelling. But in the silence of the tenement he was rewarded by the wild roar of Niagara and the pounding of Pacific rollers on the Californian coast; he had glimpses of the solitary grandeur of the Mississippi and the River St Lawrence at a standstill with ice.

In the 1860's he spent some months in Africa. In addition to the usual samples, he brought back an amber bottle which he handled as though it might explode if dropped. He referred to it as "sleep water," and reluctantly admitted having come by it in a native village close by the River Niger. It was never given a prominent place in the exhibits.

As if it were a rare jewel, Abel once offered a fiancee (whom he lost) a blending of a dozen different waters from such places as the East Indies and others that might be considered romantic. Weary of having played second fiddle to an uncertain number of gallons of water, she threw the gift in his face, drenching him so thoroughly that the romance was snuffed out to the very last spark.

By 1877, Abel was down to his last penny. He could no longer travel. For new exhibits he depended upon two or three sailors who took pity on him. He had sold his "Syracuse" over his own head.

He wanted the nation to buy his collection. He was sacredly given a civil hearing. He was to be ejected from his house.

When the bailiff and the constables called, the street was still blanketed with heat. The men were hot and sweaty, irritable and in a hurry to have done with the business. In the half-light, they did not notice the trickle of water under the door. They knocked. There was no answer. Their patience survived two more knockings, and then they smashed the door in. They stepped onto a swamped floor.

The shelves were empty. Broken jars lay near a doorway in jagged confusion. Searching for Abel, they splashed out to the scullery. Here a big trough had been built. The men were suddenly chilled at what they saw.

The waters of the world, the collection of fifty years, had been poured into the trough—despite the fact that most of it was merely overflow. Beside the trough was the amber bottle from Africa—uncorked and empty.

Abel Coombes had cheated the bailiff. Having drugged himself, he had drowned in a blending of the rivers and lakes and oceans of the world.

What made the lady's husband smash the camera and tear up the picture?

CRAIG RICE

THE AVENGING SNAPSHOT

A ROVING street photographer was plying his trade on the beach at Santa Monica, Cal., one sunny day in the spring of 1911. He spied a couple seated on the sand and, sizing them up as good prospects for a souvenir photograph, snapped their picture.

"Here you are, folks," he called out cheerily.

Before he could finish his little spiel the man was on his feet, hopping mad. Snatching the camera from the hands of the startled photographer he brandished it over his head.

"Give me that negative," he threatened, "give me that negative or I'll smash this machine . . ."

Dumb with astonishment, the photographer handed over the negative.

The photographer glared after the couple for a moment, and then he started to follow them. "If he was mad about having his picture snapped with the lady," the young man reasoned, "he must have an important reason. Maybe he's been up to something."

Playing sleuth, he shadowed the couple and made a note of the address where they turned in. Then he went to the police.

The young man grinned. He pulled a print out of his pocket and handed it over to the police, explaining that he had made two snaps before the subject knew it.

The police investigated at the address given them by the photographer and learned that the couple was known there as Mr and Mrs Dawson of Denver, Colo., but that all the letters they received were from St. Louis, Mo. Inquiries directed to the police of that city brought an immediate telegraphic response, and before the day was over the Dawsons were in the Los Angeles Jail.

Our true life story takes us now to Ottawa County, in the extreme north-east corner of Oklahoma, near the Missouri boundary line. On the edge of a deep wood stands a bleak house.

A man knocked on that door one night. He was the Sheriff of Ottawa County, and he was calling to inquire about a little matter of murder.

A farmer living in Miami, the County seat, had ridden in to report that he had come upon the dead body of a young girl with a bullet hole in her head. On learning from the medical examiner that the girl had been dead about two weeks, Sheriff Ben Totten had made every possible attempt to have the body identified.

Rumor had it that the house was the abode of Dr. Allen Heeber, leader of a strange religious cult, and the place was known as "The House of Deuteronomy."

What the sheriff wanted to know was whether the young woman found dead in the woods was known at the House of Deuteronomy.

The woman who appeared at the door said she was Cora Wentworth, the matron of the house; Dr Heeber, she said, was away, and so was Mr. Garrett, his assistant. The sheriff politely inquired if by any chance a young woman student or missionary had been reported missing lately.

Cora Wentworth replied that no one had been reported missing. Faye Church, the housekeeper, also disclaimed any knowledge of a missing girl. In back of the house the sheriff found a well-cultivated farm, in sharp contrast to the wild, overgrown appearance of the grounds in front of the place. The men who worked the farm for Dr. Heeber told the sheriff they had given all they possessed to the prophet, and spoke of him with the profoundest respect. One man, however, Sam Kirby, opened up enough to disclose that a Mrs. Cairns had left the house a week ago after a row with Mrs Church.

When the sheriff located Mary Cairns she told him that one of the girls, Josie Byers by name, had left the House of Deuteronomy alone, and in tears, about two weeks before.

In the meantime Dr Heeber and Mrs Wentworth were brought in, but after looking at the body in the funeral parlor they declared it was nobody they had ever seen before. Josie Byers, they said, had left voluntarily, when she decided she didn't want to be a missionary. A week later Mrs. Cairns came in. She took one look at the body and said, "That's Josie, I'd swear it. Get Faye Church."

Faye Church was brought in. "It looks like Josie," she said. "It's hard to tell, but the hair is like hers and she had just such a dress." Mrs Cairns was more willing to talk now. "I've no fine notions about Allen Heeber," she declared. "He's as smooth as they come, and Cora Wentworth, too. I mistrusted the whole outfit when I found some of Josie's clothes hidden away."

A deputy who had gone to make inquiries at Josie Byers' home in Fayetteville now returned with an interesting report. Her family hadn't heard from her in weeks. "I picked up two positive means of identification," he told the sheriff, "a chart of her teeth from the family dentist and the fact that the little finger of

A FAMOUS British anthropologist has recently completed his research into a fascinating subject. He reports: "Blondes may look exotic or glamorous, but in intelligence tests they make a poor show. They are more susceptible to heart troubles than brunettes, who are more equable in temperament."

A psychologist adds this postscript: "Brunettes are the truest tempered and have the greatest love responsiveness; red-heads are volatile and easily persuaded, but difficult to control, and blondes are more capable of enduring affection."

her left hand was broken when she was a child. The bone wasn't set right, her folks say.

With four warrants in his pocket—for the three cult leaders and Sam Kirby who, it was now known, had once been jailed back in Arkansas on a morals charge—Sheriff Totten returned to the mysterious house in the hills. He rapped on the door. There was no answer. The door was unlocked, and he walked in. The silence that met him was the silence of the tomb. The house had been hastily abandoned. Kettles of food still stood half cooked on the kitchen stove.

Of the men, only two remained on the premises. "Dr. Heeber and Mrs. Wentworth left early this morning on a short business trip to St. Louis," they told the sheriff. "Mrs. Church left yesterday . . . said something about going back to her people. We never know where Jim Garrett goes or when he's coming back. Kirby left the day you were here."

Amos Smith, who had been the bookkeeper of the place, went through the house with the sheriff. All the records were gone. So was 10,000 dollars.

There's more to this than murder, the sheriff told himself. What about the girls? Where did they come from and where did they go when they left the house? The men denied that they knew anything about that, so Sheriff Totten went to see Mrs. Cairns again. This time she was willing to talk. She hadn't left the house voluntarily, she said. She was fired.

"It was Cora Wentworth's doing," she told the sheriff. "I was too nosey, she said. She wanted to shoot me. There was a gun in the house. She was furious when I said I didn't see why Jim Garrett had to take the girls out on their assignments.

"I have absolutely no use for Mr. Garrett, or that sanctimonious little preacher, either. I was glad to get away from that house, Mr. Totten. It's an evil place. Those poor girls—only God knows what has become of them."

Mrs. Cairns was able to offer only one possible clue as to Dr. Heeber's destination. She remembered that he had once received a package from a store in St. Louis. Acting on a hunch, the sheriff decided to explore the city himself, in the hope of finding some trace of the girls who had left the House of Deuteronomy in the company of Jim Garrett, ostensibly as missionaries.

It was a long shot, but it hit the mark. In a tenderloin saloon he let it be known that he was from Oklahoma, and presently a girl came and sat down beside him.

"Garrett took us to a place and left us with a strange man. He was a horrible man. He knocked my teeth out. They said they'd kill me if I talked."

The following night a series of raids netted two dozen girls who had been abducted into white slavery by Jim Garrett after they left the mysterious house in the Ozarks as "missionaries." They were simple girls from the hill country and none of them had ever been in a big city before.

Poor little Josie Byers had escaped that fate—only to meet death at the muzzle of a .38 calibre revolver. That was Sheriff Totten's next task. To find that gun, and the person who fired it. Was it Jim Garrett? Dr. Heeber? Mrs. Wentworth?

It was the long arm of coincidence, reaching clear across the continent to the street photographer on the beach at Santa Monica that made the answer to that question possible—an incident that was true to life, but almost too strange for fiction.

"Mr. and Mrs. Dawson" turned out to be Dr. Heeber and Mrs. Wentworth. Heeber admitted selling the girls into slavery, but he denied the murder. It was Mrs. Wentworth who finally put the finger on him—and then only some time later, on her deathbed, for she had been slowly dying of an incurable illness. The murder weapon had meanwhile been found under a floor board in the house.

"Dr. Heeber killed Josie Byers," Mrs. Wentworth declared in her deathbed story. "The girl was infatuated with him. She wanted him to marry her and threatened to tell certain things if he didn't. He woke me up in the middle of the night and told me he had decided to do it. They went away together. At five o'clock in the morning he came back—alone. He said he had shot her with my gun and asked me what to do with it. I pried loose a board in the attic and put it there. We hid her clothing, and in the morning we said she had decided to go home."

Dr. Heeber confessed the murder and, an hour later, committed suicide by swallowing poison. Cora Wentworth died of a tumor before she could be brought to trial.

Both had sinned against the laws of men, but they had also sinned against a Higher Law. For it is written in the same Book of Deuteronomy: "Thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God."

And it was that Higher Law that exacted the punishment.

Street musicians touched the heart of a man who gave limbless soldiers a big legacy

KILLEEN AND THE "LIMBIES"

"Poor Killen is dead, and a better friend a limbless soldier did not have."

BEHIND that opening line of an obituary published in 1923 lies a truly amazing story of a young Anzac to whom Australia owes an ever-dying debt of gratitude and thanks, and yet of whom so few people know so little.

But this is not the story of Killeen himself, but that of his love for fellow Australians which today lives and will never die, although Killeen has passed on to the place where all good soldiers eventually go.

It was a Friday night in August, 1919, Sydney was packed with tired and weary late shoppers hurrying to make final purchases before the chimes of nine. Mingled among the crowd were men in khaki, battle veterans of the Middle East, of Gallipoli, of France, back home with war at end . . . and peace.

Shop lights shone out on the passing parade as they poured along the pavements of each street. Some were happy, some sad, for the years of war seemed to have left its mark. On one corner where a little more than five years before had stood a German band brilliantly rendering excerpts from "Flora Dora," now came the twang of an out-of-tune banjo, played by a legless Aussie wearing a grease-stained tunic.

His battered slouch hat, containing

few decoy coppers, rested beside [illegible] while four of his also maimed [illegible]ers rattled collection boxes under [illegible]e noses of the passing throng, and muttered "Help the old Dig."

Around the block, George, King, [illegible]itt and Market, it was the same [illegible]rce battle heroes, now broken and limbless, mutilated "Tipperary" as they scraped on old fiddles, blew through battered cornets, and quawked on broken-reeded mouth organs. Here was a new army, an army of beggars, their legacy for gallant duty to their country.

It was on that August night that Frank Killeen, a young Anzac who had left a leg behind on Gallipoli, swung along on his crutches among the passing parade in Pitt Street. Killeen, at the time a pioneer member of the newly-formed Returned Soldiers' Association, was a sad man. The sight of his fellow Anzacs begging in the streets worried him. He shamefully hung his head as memories went back to London where he had seen veterans of bygone wars haunting the streets begging for food.

Killeen's blood boiled as the cry of "Help the old Dig" echoed in his ears. Here were his battle comrades, maimed and broken, left to beg for a crust of bread. Killeen bit hard on his lip as his brain churned. "Help the old Dig certainly, but they must never be allowed to beg. The sights of London must never occur in Sydney," Killeen muttered under his breath.

So home that night went Killeen to evolve a plan; a plan for looking after till death Australia's maimed and limbless war veterans.

Within a month there had been founded the Limbless and Maimed Soldiers' Association, with Killeen working like a Trojan. Around him he had gathered a body of war-blasted men, who, like Killeen, were anxious to see that their war comrades were not left begging on the streets for an existence.

Things were soon under way. A request to the Commonwealth Government found pensions for his men increased by £60,000 a year; the Red Cross were busily finding suitable jobs; membership was increasing, and above all, the cry of "Help the old Dig" was now seldom heard in the streets.

It was not long before Killeen found himself the "father" of 950 war-maimed heroes in New South Wales alone, and a new battle cry was ringing throughout Sydney for help for a worthy cause.

Donations began to roll in from business houses, estates, and private citizens, first of whom to head the list was Sir William Vicars with a war bond for £100. That was in 1922, and the tiny cogs in the giant machine that Killeen had planned three years before, were slowly beginning to turn.

By this time Killeen's idea had spread throughout the nation, and in each State a similar body was under way, all using the same blueprint for rehabilitating and helping the man who had given a limb for his country. Killeen became Federal President.

In New South Wales the membership of the Association had grown to 1400 and a great deal more money was needed to further the schemes that Killeen had in mind. Never for one moment was Killeen idle. Day and night he was planning for the betterment of the crippled soldier.

IT'S SPRING—DARN IT!

The bloom is on the rose again,
The petals are softly unfolding,
And birds in the trees with soaring hearts
The joys of the Spring are upholding
But harbingers of Spring—Avaunt!
Away with blooming roses,
You matter not at all to us
Who've blooming running noses
To heck with the birds in blooming treeses,
From us with blooming winter sneezes,
And take away the blooming wattles—
For us, instead—hot water bottles

Funds from Armistice Day collections, from parties and dances, from small art unions and donations were now rolling in to help this worthy cause.

And then, like something unbelievable, it happened. Frank P. J. Killeen, who for four years had given his all to help his fellow-men, resigned. Few knew through those years that he had been a sick man, suffering from diabetes. Within a few months, June 1923, Killeen was dead.

Truly an amazing man. A man that loved his fellow-men. A man whose sympathetic feeling led to the founding of an organisation that will forever remain a monument to him.

But with the death of Killeen the seed he had sown grew even stronger. Where Killeen left off other men took over, and the great work continued.

The time was now ripe for the Association to go after bigger things. A prize of £20 was offered to any member who could produce a scheme for raising £50,000 in five years; another £20 prize to the man who submitted the best plan of how to distribute the money to the advantage of members, and according to Association policy.

One of the prizes was awarded to H. B. Sheldon, present registrar of the Co-operative Building Societies in N.S.W., a member, who suggested the idea of an old age provident scheme. Today more than £100,000 stands to the credit of Sheldon's idea, which distributes nearly £2400 each year among men of the Old Brigade. A magnificent feat.

The scheme was launched a few months after the death of Killeen, and by 1924, organisers using the slogan "Expenses Nil"—to combat the unfavorable reaction then among the public due to questionable running of charity shows—funds were pouring in.

In that year one art union netted the Association £4,000. Later a Sydney Ugly Man's contest returned £20,000, and a charity matinee at Her Majesty's Theatre, with a star programme which included Moscovitch, Ella Shields, Maude Fane and many other artists who gave their services free, brought nearly £1700 into the fund.

But the old age provident scheme under which members of the Association 55 years and older now participate, was only one of the many angles that the hard-working committee of the Association in 1924 was handling.

Every suggestion that was put forward for the betterment of its limbless and maimed members was prospected. Better artificial limbs, travelling concessions, medical attention, financial assistance, etc., were all listed on the programme.

But perhaps one of the greatest advantages that was given members was the formation and establishment of the Limbless Soldiers' Aquatic Club—the only one of its kind in the world—which has been in operation at 68 Wentworth Rd., Vaucluse, since 1928.

Strangely enough, while these limbless Aussies had been in uniform they suffered little embarrassment, but in after years it was found that many members were suffering an inferiority complex when forced to display their torn limbs publicly.

In London during the 1914-18 war it was nothing to see an armless Digger carrying piggy-back his legless cobber. The two men co-operated as one, each helping the other, but early in 1924 an incident at Bondi Beach started what is now one of the greatest pleasures of the limbless soldier—the Aquatic Club.

It all started when a surf-loving "Limbie" was carried from the dressing sheds to the water-edge by a friend, similar to the procedure during their London days. As if it was a freak turn, the huge crowd of Bondi sunbathers rose from the beach to watch the episode. The men became so embarrassed that they returned immediately to the sheds. "Never again will we swim in public," they said.

This was a terrible blow not simply to the two men concerned in the episode, but to the hundreds of limbless men who heard about it, as they did.

To them, anxious to take up the broken threads of life as best they might, this was a warning signal a ruthless, if thoughtless, symbol from the public that a man maimed in a struggle for freedom might be looked upon more as a freak than a hero.

This was completely frustrating to men who were already self-conscious; it was a threat which seemed to cut them off from a chance of establishing themselves again in normal living. It is easy to understand why, though they had been brought up on the beach, they said, "We will never swim in public again." But where could they swim in private?

Here was another worry for the Association. We must get our men a place where they can swim and enjoy their sport without becoming a star act for the gazing public.

WHEN Gibbon, the historian, of the famous "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," was courting Lady Elizabeth Foster, he had as a rival a famous doctor. On one occasion, the doctor became tired of Gibbon monopolizing the conversation, and said—

"When you have made Lady Elizabeth ill with your nonsense, I will cure her."

"When Lady Elizabeth is dead from your prescriptions," flashed back Gibbon, "I will immortalize her."

A few years earlier a grand old lady, Mary Ann Dewar, who had lived in Woolloomooloo, passed away, leaving her estate of £52,000 in the hands of trustees for deserving charities. At one time Mary Ann Dewar had owned portion of the land on which the Carlton Hotel, in Castlereagh St, Sydney, is now built.

Perhaps it was that one of the trustees, William Hamilton, witnessed the Bondi affair, because when approached, he offered £5000 from the estate to purchase any property the Association thought fit for a clubhouse for its members.

When later told that they could buy the property on the harborfront at Vaucluse for £6500, Hamilton said "Buy it and we'll pay."

It was not long before the "Limbies" of Sydney were enjoying their own club—and privacy.

The palatial Aquatic Club with its private swimming pool—now headquarters of the Limbies' Swimming Club—its bowling green, billiard and card rooms, and where limbless soldiers can now enjoy a few weeks' rest at moderate charge, helped to give peace of mind and at the same time physical fitness to the men who felt they should hide their wounds from public gaze.

It wasn't long before the complex was entirely forgotten, and these battered and war-torn men were inviting visitors to watch their prowess in water sport.

The result had far exceeded all expectations, and those days the limbies once threatened with a bitter, solitary and inactive life, go abroad for swimming tournaments.

At Blackhealth, N.S.W., recently they held a challenge tournament with able-bodied swimmers, and in several events the winner was a man who swam without an arm, or a leg. It was good to see. These men, who had made a great sacrifice in war, had established their proficiency under a handicap, and were normal men again! That's a big thing.

But all through this great effort to help the limbless and maimed soldier, the name of Killeen lived. The seed that Killeen had sown had truly taken root.

And then came World War II. Quickly the old "Limbies" realised that they would soon have comrades of another generation—and another war— to look after.

But this time there would be no need for the cry of "Help the old Dig" to echo through the streets of Australia; no need for the long weary years of building up an organisation to look after them, no need for these new war-battered veterans to hide their feelings, for the machine that Frank Killeen had manned was ready to welcome them.

It wasn't long before the Old Brigade was meeting hospital ships, visiting hospitals, telling their like that there was no need to worry this time, caring for them and showing them what would be done.

And so in New South Wales alone 755 new "Limbies" from World War II came back to join their older comrades.

Today the Limbless Soldiers' Association carries on, ever-caring and ever-fighting for the men of Australia who gave part of them for the country's honor and the safety of freedom.

Killeen has been dead 25 years—but the name of Killeen will never be forgotten.

The Australian "limbies" to-day have a life they can appreciate, sports they can enjoy, some compensation for the sacrifices they made. This is no more than we owe them, but it is a debt which had to be recognised before it could be paid, and it was recognised by Killeen.

Truly, a great man was Killen—"a better friend a limbless soldier did not have."

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

FRED PERLEY SPENDS A GOOD DEAL OF HIS TIME DIRECTING STRANGERS TO OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES, BECAUSE THE PLUMERS' HOUSE NUMBER IS HIDDEN BY SHRUBBERY, THE PAINT HAS WORN OFF THE LAPPETS', THE WIMPLES HAVE NEVER GOT AROUND TO REPLACING THE ONE NUMBER THAT DROPPED OFF THEIR NUMBER PLATE, AND NONE OF THE HOUSE NUMBERS CAN BE SEEN AT NIGHT ANYWAY

Passing Sentences

Stones and sticks are thrown only at fruit-bearing trees.

A bore is a person who never seems to have a previous engagement.

You can't do anything wrong in the eyes of your mother because she is always looking at you with her heart.

Pulsing proposal. "Im a stranger here. Would you direct me to your heart?"

The law gives a man the right to open his wife's letters, but not the nerve.

A cheap substitute for happiness is pleasure.

World peace depends upon what is in our hearts more than what is in our treaties.

A girl doesn't have to worry very much about her family tree if she has the right kind of limbs.

Growing old is a bad habit which a busy man has no time to form.

Folks used to make their own clothing on spinning wheels. Now they lose their shirts on 'em.

The period when a fish grows most quickly is between the time we catch it and the time we describe it to our friends.

What passes for women's intuition is often nothing more than man's transparency.

Many nations apparently want to wrest in peace.

The only trouble with being able to read a woman like a book, is you're liable to forget your place.

Pawnbroker: One who lives off the flat of the land.

Fun is like insurance— the older you get the more it costs.

★ **Invitation to relax is given charmingly by Marilyn Monroe, 20th Century - Fox starlet.**

Murder on the "ULLSWATER"

THE brig "Ullswater" was no place to be that afternoon. It was a day of clear sky and blue water. Nature was pleasant, but the second mate of the brig was vile.

The crimps had been out to the ship that morning, drawing their craft around the "Ullswater" and offering any man of the crew who wished to desert a small purse of gold, and promise of a berth on any other vessel in the harbour, with better conditions.

The second mate had laid out with a marlin spike the first man who had tried to leave the ship. So the crimps had gone away, and the crew had added one more grudge to their score against this man, the second mate, Skews.

Then, in the afternoon, and with the loss of one life, they finally settled the score.

It began when Skews called the cabin boy to him. This was his favourite cabin boy. To show the favour, Skews had beaten the boy almost every knot of the voyage out from England.

"Bring me a rope's end," Skews told the boy.

"But, sir, I haven't done anything," the boy protested.

Skews' witty reply was that this was just the reason why the boy deserved a beating. "You're on this ship to work," he snarled.

The boy brought the rope's end and Skews took it from him and told him to turn around. He laid the rope's end across the boy's back, but only once.

Parry was the man who interferred. Skews struck Parry across the face with the rope. Parry punched his big fist and felled Skews. Someone cried "Fight!" and men came running.

When Skews climbed off the deck he had a knife in his hand, a case knife sharpened to a point. Before Parry could realise what was happening, he had been stabbed.

Skews stood over the fallen man and glared at the others around him.

"Men!" Skews snarled. "Scum! I'll do the lot of you."

Then he ran at them with the knife and they scattered before him, letting him reach the rail where he turned and faced them. Quite mad now, he ran at them again, and a foot came out and tripped him. They piled on him when he fell.

The police came out to take Skew into custody, and to transfer Parry to the hospital where he was to die three days later. Skew was brought to them in irons.

One of the police remarked on the battered appearance of the murderer.

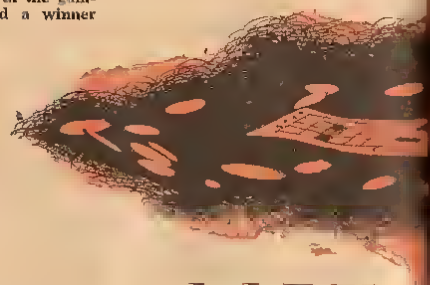
"He fell and hit his face on the deck," a seaman told them.

The verdict against Skew was one of "wilful murder," and he was later sentenced to serve in the road gang.

The man who had come to Port Jackson in August of 1840, as second mate of the brig "Ullswater," remained as a guest of His Majesty's Government.

The lovely girl couldn't win at the gambling table. But she found a winner

★ MARIE J. FANNING



LUCK FOR A LADY

THE wheel stopped at twenty-two.

Swiftly the croupier's rake slid across the table. A few people pushed back their chairs and left. There were others waiting to take their place. Americans, English, Italian, French. Men with bored expressions, women with the excitement of first play making their faces flushed and their eyes bright.

Fifteen. The croupier's rake moved again.

This time the eyes turned to a young man who sat at one end of the table. He was dark, good-looking, obviously English. His hands moved to add to the growing stacks of chips in front of him.

The eyes turned back to the wheel. Seventeen. Again they were on the man at the end of the table.

Someone behind him asked, "Who is he? I haven't seen him before."

Another voice answered, "I don't know. He must have made a few thousand to-night. Beginner's luck."

People at the table were waiting for him to place his chips. The croupier was watching him closely.

Then he swept his chips together and rose from the table. The croupier looked relieved.

As the young man walked away from the table, he saw a woman standing close by. She was staring at him. She wore a white evening gown and her blonde hair was swept high to the crown of her head. She was beautiful.

As he drew nearer, she stepped forward a little to meet him.

"Pardon me," she said, "but you are English, aren't you?"

He looked surprised. "Why, yes," he said.

She spoke hurriedly in a low tone. "I am so pleased. I am English, too. My name is Susan Wright. Could you help me?"

He looked at her apricot skin, the wide grey eyes, the full red mouth.

"If it is possible, I shall be glad to help you."

She smiled at him.

FICTION

"What is your name?"

"Roger Fraser."

"I shall call you Roger. You *can* help me. I am in difficulty. I must get some money—quickly. Would you come back to the table and play it with me? You have luck tonight. I have been watching you."

PREOCCUPIED

They say 'twas a marvellous movie,
The last that I went to see
That may be so—
I do not know,
For I went with the fair Miss D!

—Nat

He hesitated.

"I had finished. I was going back to my hotel."

"Please," she whispered.

He looked at her for a moment.

"All right," he said.

They sat together at the table. His luck still held. A crowd gathered behind their chairs to watch them play.

It was three o'clock when Roger prepared to leave.

"I have to go now," he told her.

"Oh, not yet, Roger," she pleaded. "A little longer."

"No, I'm sorry. I am not going to strain my luck any further."

She grumbled a little as she closed her bulging bag. But when they had left the table, she took his arm and squeezed it.

"I can't thank you enough. You have got me out of a frightful jam."

"Can't I see you to your hotel?" he asked her.

"No, thank you. I shall stay and watch a little longer."

She turned and left him.

He walked briskly back to his hotel. He didn't bother to undress, but threw himself full length on the bed.

He wondered who she was. He hadn't even asked her the name of the hotel where she was staying. It was foolish of him. But she would be at the Casino again that night he was sure.

Roger was there early. Carefully he looked through all the rooms to see if she was already at the tables. She wasn't. He chose a table that was near the door. If she came in he would see her.

"It was eleven o'clock when something went wrong. He was beginning to lose. The wheel spun again. He lost. Once more he placed his chips. This time it would be all right. Fourteen was his number. Five came up.

He was pale and a pulse was beating in his temple. If this should be the beginning——.

He lost again. He plunged. Again.

He stood up and shoved his chair back savagely. Everyone was watching him.

"Poor devil," they were saying. "He lost the lot."

As he left the Casino, the uniformed doorman stepped forward.

"Your card, monsieur?"

Roger gave it to him.

The man examined it, then dropped it into a box.

"You will take out a new one? This expires."

He hadn't the price of a meal now, let alone a card for the Casino. He made his way to the hotel.

He sat on the edge of his bed and dropped his head in his hands. He was a fool. He should have known his luck wouldn't hold that long. If he'd been content with last night and gone today as he had planned. But there had been the woman.

He smiled bitterly. Even there his luck hadn't held.

He lay down on the bed. If he could only raise a few pounds. His luck might be good again tonight. If it were he would leave tomorrow.

Suddenly he sat up. There was still a chance. She might be there tonight.

"Your card, Monsieur?" the doorman asked.

Roger's hand went to his pocket. Then he remembered. He hadn't one.

"I am looking for someone. She is inside. If you will let me in, I shall fix up about the card later."

The doorman looked at him suspiciously.

"I've heard that story before."

"Well, it's right this time. Let me in and I'll be back in five minutes."

The doorman opened the door grudgingly.

"All right then, but not a minute later."

Roger walked through all the rooms. Then he saw her. She was sitting at a table with a pile of chips in front of her. She had on an ice-blue dress, with diamantes on her white neck and in her hair. She looked excited, her eyes were sparkling and she laughed softly as she reached across the table to place her chips.

There was an elderly grey-haired man sitting next to her, and as Roger stood looking at her, he bent forward and whispered in her ear. She looked up at him and laughed again.

Roger waited. She had won again. Now she was standing up and walking away from the table, leaving the man who was with her to gather up the chips.

Roger went up to her.

"Hello, Susan," he said.

She stood quite still looking at him. Her face was suddenly expressionless, her lips pressed tightly together. But it was her eyes he noticed. They were cold and hard.

"Susan, can I speak to you a moment?"

The grey-haired man was walking toward them. Still Susan didn't answer. She just stood there staring at him.

The man came up and took her by the arm.

"What goes on here? Is something wrong?" He looked at Roger. "Do you know this man?"

Susan looked straight at Roger without blinking.

"No, I've never seen him before. He doesn't even know my name. He called me Susan."

Roger opened his mouth to speak, then he closed it again. His face hardened.

The other man turned to him.

"Would you mind leaving the lady alone? You are annoying her."

Roger turned and walked to the door. As he went he heard her say, "How strange. He must have mistaken me for someone else." Then in an excited voice she added, "Thank you so much for getting me out of trouble tonight."

The doorman held out his hand to Roger.

"Where's the card?" he asked.

"The lady wasn't there," Roger told him.

He stepped out into the street. A soft, misty rain was falling. He turned his coat collar up around his face and walked slowly back to his hotel.

FICTION

Crocodile's Brother

KEVIN HARTE

The black man was better than whites —and crocodiles were on his side

THE big muster was almost over. Only a few more "scrubbers" had to be brought in and branded before the big drive started for Wyndham Meat Works. Stockmen, black and white, clustered about the flickering campfire in the "home" paddock of Yaraanderie Station. The overseer, Mick Carson, spoke as he stirred his tin pannikin of tea.

"I met young Joe Hansen down by the creek today, Ted."

The cattle turned away, but Illibut drove them back towards the river.

"Yeah?" answered Ted Cummins. "How's old Bill keepin'? Did he say?"

"Bill's fine. He's up in Darwin at the moment, gettin' some skin grafted over those scars on his head."

"How'd he get those scars, Mick?" asked Cummins, rolling a cigarette, "I've been meaning to ask you since I first met Bill."

Mick threw another log on the fire and sent one of the black boys to relieve the man who was guarding the branded cattle.

"It must be over ten years ago since it happened," began Mick, "Big Bill was workin' for me at the time —he was my best rider——"

As Cummins listened, Mick's voice seemed to fade away and the flickering fire turned to the crimson glow of a Territory sunset. Mick told his story.

Yaraanderie's northernmost outstation was on the tree-clad banks of the Fitzmaurice, in charge of Big Bill Hansen. Three huts, of roughly-seasoned timber slabs and with sheet-

ONE sunny May day in Central Park a blind man was seen tapping for attention with his cane. On his chest was a sign "Help the Blind," but no one paid much attention to him. A little farther on another blind beggar was doing better. Practically every passer-by put a coin in his cup, some even turning back to make a contribution. His sign said "It is May [illegible] and I blind."

This touch of poetry in a prosaic world was readily recognised

bark roofs, set among tall gum-trees, were Hansen's domain. Half a mile away, through the gums and lantana, glittered the waters of the crocodile-infested Fitzmaurice.

Under Hansen's care were four aboriginal stockmen. All except one were good workers, and obeyed him without question. The disobedient stockman was Illibut, a sturdy fellow from the Cape Scott Reserve.

Illibut had always hated taking orders from a white man. Recently he had actually been abusive to Hansen. Only the latter's great patience saved the abo. from a thrashing. Hansen knew the reason for Illibut's outbursts—recent smoke-talk from the coastal tribes had told of a great corroboree to be held shortly. The other three "boys" were satisfied so long as they got good tucker three times a day.

These other boys were scared of Illibut, and he knew it, and used the fact to obtain more "baccy" for himself. Once, so the boys told Hansen, Illibut had swum the crocodile-infested Queen's Channel and, they assured him, a reptile had swum beside the abo. carrying his weapons in its savage jaws.

Illibut boasted he was "blood-brother" to the crocodile and none would ever touch a man who made a boast like that. More than once he had threatened to call the crocodiles his "brothers" to eat the terrified stockboys unless they gave him their "nigger-twist" tobacco. He was a bully, this black stockman.

As he jerked the saddle from his sweating horse, Illibut's mind was far away—he was thinking of the corroboree that was soon to be held. He led the horse towards the water-trough.

A bunch of scrubbers had just been turned into the temporary branding-pen which was roughly fenced with warped gidgee saplings. The hard day's work over, Hansen strode towards his slab hut and lit his pipe. Once inside the hut, he sat on the edge of his bunk and grunted as he pulled the work-stained riding boots from his weary feet.

A shadow darkened the open doorway. Hansen looked up and squinted his blue eyes. Outside, the sun was setting in a blazing cauldron of colour and, because the hut faced West, Hanson could not at first distinguish the figure silhouetted in the glowing doorway. As his eyes became used to the glare, the ugly features of Illibut slowly materialised. He had watered the horse

"Oh———— what d'you want?" asked the lean overseer, "Tiger and the others have got your tucker."

The aborigine advanced further into the hut.

"This fella want 'em plenty white [illegible] tobac," he demanded gutturally.

"What!' exploded Hansen, bouncing to his feet, "Strike me pink! I just gave you your weekly ration yesterday!"

"You give 'em more! This fella [illegible]ve bye-m-bye."

"Yes! You'll leave bye-and-bye all right—after the mustering's over. That's when the mission wants you back, and you're not going to roam the bush while I'm still in charge!"

"This fella leave now!" roared the abo., No go back to Mission—go longa corroboree.'

Hansen unbuttoned his khaki shirt, preparing to wash himself, and turned to the stockman.

"Listen, Illibut," he said, "You might be able to boss those other boys, but don't come the wild-man stunt with me or I'll thrash you to within an inch of your life."

Unexpectedly, the big abo. lashed out with the butt of his stockwhip and sent Hansen reeling.

The overseer shook his head to clear it and went charging back at Illibut Black man and white crashed to the dirt floor of the hut and rolled through the open doorway.

Outside, they lurched to their feet and fought like demons Hansen did what he had threatened to do—he thrashed Illibut to within an inch of his life.

From the first moment it was apparent that the act of fighting had wiped out the color line: Illibut, who despite his truculent and sullen attitude, had always known where a black man should stop when dealing with whites, was now over that line, and having gone too far could not, it seemed, go far enough. He dodged and flailed with every trick learned in a hard and reckless life.

Through his tumble Illibut had managed to keep his grip on the stockwhip, and made every endeavour to use it again, snaking out the lash about Hansen's ankles to trip the white man for a second advantage Hansen gripped the lash to pull the whip, knowing that if Illibut let go he would be disarmed, and that if he did not, he would be tugged off balance, but Illibut, also knowing this instinctively, jumped in and raised the butt of the whip for another blow at Hansen's skull. The white man dived like a battering ram into Illibut's stomach, and the black man doubled up, aiming a vicious uppercut at Hansen's unprotected chin as he did so.

Hansen dodged the blow by throwing his two arms about Illibut; they both went down, and when they got to their feet the whip lay between them on the ground. They managed to do without it, and fought bitterly to the finish.

Hansen made it a final and terrible lesson

He stood over the unconscious black figure on the ground, breathing heavily and wiping sweat from his glistening brow. The other three boys stared on with eyes protruding like onions A white man had beaten the crocodile man

"You, Tiger,' roared Hansen, "take this fella Illibut longa hut—quick fella now! Take him hut!"

Tiger and the other two abos. carried the battered Illibut to their hut

That night Hansen shifted his bunk and slept facing the doorway, but to one side, and with his hand on the butt of his revolver. However,

the expected spear did not thud into the space normally occupied by the bunk, and Illibut was actually grinning at breakfast the next morning.

"He's happy," thought Hansen, "too damn happy. I wonder what he's cooking up now?"

The beasts in the branding-pen were soon thrown and branded. The acrid smell of burnt hair mingled with the sweet bush air, and Hansen detailed the black boys to their job of collecting the few remaining scrubbers.

Illibut complied with alacrity and rode off along the trail to the river. He had not ridden far when he surprised three beasts grazing in a small, gum-tree fringed clearing. A willy-wagtail was dancing along the red back of one big steer, but took to the air in panic at the crack of Illibut's stockwhip.

Never had the black man gone to work with such gusto. His spirited horse pranced under his urging hand; the stockwhip snaked, cracking, over the heads of the cattle, and they began to move.

There was a wide grin of undisguised enjoyment on Illibut's face, which might at first have suggested that the fight, and any ill-will growing out of it, had long died from his mind.

Moving gracefully, as if he were indeed part of the beast that carried him, he urged the cattle into movement.

Lumbering awkwardly, they went forward. Illibut moved in behind them, his black arm flashing untiringly with the whip. In a picturesque sort of way he might have been an avenging god pursuing the cattle with grim intent: to the more practical eye he demonstrated what every good stockman should be.

The beasts bellowed and lumbered off into the bush as the stinging lash snaked across their backs. Illibut spurred his horse forward and gave chase. The undergrowth crashed beneath the thundering hoofs of the cattle and startled cockatoos took screeching flight from the tall kangaroo grass. Crows and tall grey ibises squawked from the bushes.

The cattle turned away from the river, but Illibut turned them back in the direction of the rolling, brown waters.

A cunning, diabolical plan was racing through the abo's mind. He would show the white man that it didn't pay to thrash Illibut. The three beasts he was chasing were among the fattest steers on Yaraanderie. A few quid would be lost if somehow or other they fell into the Fitzmaurice and were taken by the crocodiles. Cruelly, the abo lashed the cattle and kept them charging through the scrub towards the river.

With a crash the beasts burst through the tall, slender saplings and plunged into the muddy waters. The mud on the river bed was like glue. The bawling cattle found themselves trapped.

Illibut yelled with glee and jerked his horse to a halt on the brink of the six-foot bank. His stockwhip snaked out and lashed the bawling, frenzied, thrashing cattle. In midstream and drawing closer were a line of black snouts and eye-ridges as the lurking saurians dashed in for the kill.

"Come, brothers!" yelled Illibut in his native tongue, "Come and devour the white man's cattle!"

In a matter of minutes the quiet waterway surged into a mass of blood-flecked foam as it echoed to the coarse bellows of the battling saurians. The cattle were torn to shreds. Soon only a crimson patch remained on the brown surface.

Illibut was cackling with joy at the slaughter, and yelling his thanks to his "brothers" when a voice interrupted him.

"What the hell's all this?" It was Hansen.

The bellows of the cattle had brought him down to see what was wrong.

Illibut swung around in his saddle and his grin vanished.

"Bank," he said in answer to Hansen's question, "him give way. Cow fall in ribber—crocodile finish 'im."

"You lyin' dingo!" bellowed Hansen, leaning forward in the saddle. "There's no mark where that bank's collapsed. By God, Illibut, if you drove those cattle into the river I'll skin you alive!"

"This fella not lie!" snarled the abo, "Hansen lie—try make'm trouble longa Illibut!"

"I'll make trouble for you all right, you cow, you're comin back to the homestead with me and I'm taking you to Sergeant Flinders at Victoria River Downs."

Illibut looked sick. He was scared

of the "white man pleece" He must nor ler Hansen take him away.

"Come on, you black ——!" shouted Hansen, and reached out to grab the black stockman's collar.

Instead of catching the collar, however, he caught the coiled lash of Illibut's stockwhip on the temple. He crashed sideways out of the saddle as his horse reared up and squealed in fright.

In a flash the black stockman was on the ground beside the dazed overseer As Hansen struggled to his feet, Illibut smashed him twice across the skull with the heavy butt of the stockwhip. Hansen sank to the ground Illibut snatched up a billet of wood and smashed it across the white man's head. Only that the missile was deflected slightly by a log, Hansen's brains would have stained the grass. His face was streaked with blood which ran from the ugly gashes. Hansen's horse's reins were rangled in a bush and it pranced around fiercely as it tried to get free.

Illibut glanced around guiltily—nervously—and then grinned. The "white man pleece" would chase him now, but his tribe would protect him, for he would be a great man when he returned with all the white man's possessions and plenty of "baccy" for the tribe Now he had to get rid of Hansen. His "blood-brothers' would do that for him.

Illibut stooped to lift Hansen. His mind was crammed with dreams of the impression he would make on his tribe when he returned.

With a mighty jerk Hansen's mount tipped its reins free from the bushes and floundered back, right onto Illibut, who did not see it.

The black stockman screamed as the force of the bump sent him flying into the Fitzmaurice. His legs stuck in the mud and, though he struggled fiercely, he could not move them.

In unconcealed terror the trapped abo watched the advancing snout of one of his "brothers" With scarcely a ripple, the saurian drew steadily closer.

"Go away!" yelled the abo, "Go way, brother! I am your brother—you no harm me! Stop——'

The black stockman's terrified scream was drowned in the roar as the reptile attacked him. Savage jaws closed on Illibut's shoulder and he screamed as the fangs sank in.

Relentlessly the reptile retreated to deeper water, and the struggling, gasping native was desperately trying to gouge the monster's eyes. With a gurgle the waters closed over his black head. The "crocodile man" had joined his "brothers."

Once again, Cummins heard Mick s droning voice. The glowing fire resumed its natural appearance.

"Tiger and the other boys found Hansen later in the day and brought him up to me at the homestead," Mick said. "He was riding again in six months."

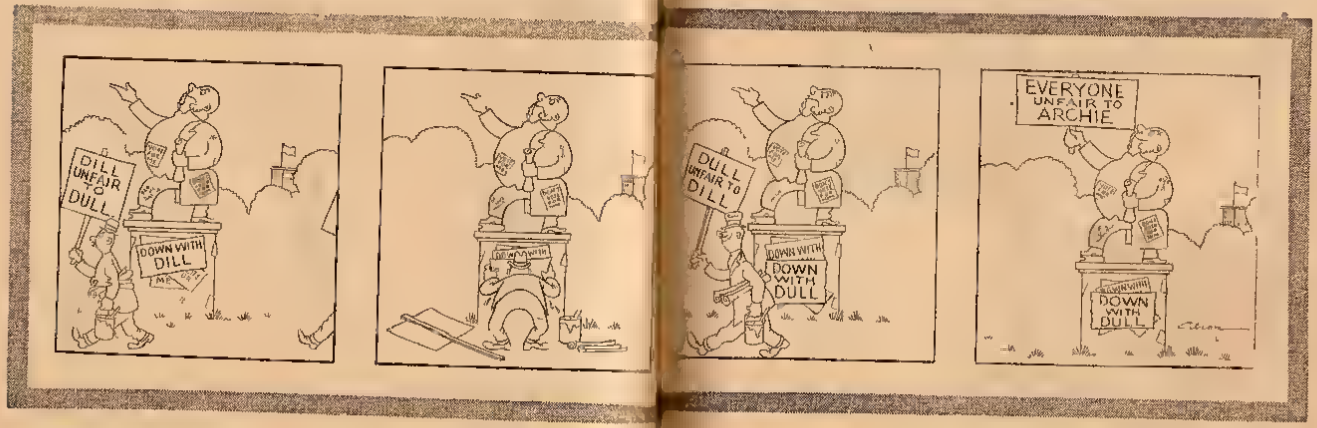
"Hansen owes his life to you, then."

"No," said Mick, spreading his blankets, "he owes it to the Flying Doctor Service. If I hadn t had a pedal wireless to contact the Flying Doctor, he would've died of cerebral hemorrhage. Well, Ted, I think I'll turn in now, good-night!"

"Good-night, Mick."

The fire flickered feebly, and its weak light slowly gave place to the paler beams of the rising moon.

Over the camp settled the peace of the bush night, the eetie long shadows, and memories.



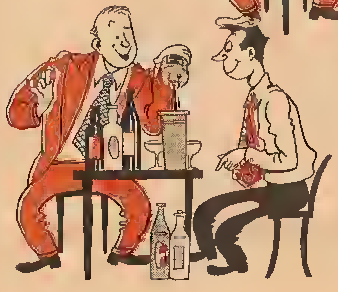
ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT, No. 42.

SWEET and DRY

With a Dash by Gibson.

Glad you arrived early old chap, you can give a hand at mixing the doings, nothing like having everything ready for the guests when they arrive

Hmmmmm, not bad not bad at all, maybe a little on the dry side though, maybe a



dash of the old Cherry Brandy will help give it that 'certain something' that makes a good cocktail

Smooth, pretty smooth at that Could be a bit sweeter, or maybe even a little dryer, anyway a thirsty man would be glad to taste it, still I guess a

dash or two of sweet and dry Vermouth won't do any harm in fact

It's jus' about perfec' tha's what it's jus' about an' to make it more perfecter shtill a splash an' a dash o rum'n bran'y will fix it an'

If our gues's don't like it they can all go an' drink somewheres else! An' I still think a li'l bit more o' somethin' will jus' make it more perfecter than ZZZZZZ

MEDICINE
ON THE MARCH

INHALATION of the drug, amyl nitrite, will stop hiccups Dr. R. C. Cairn, a lieutenant surgeon in the British Navy, demonstrated the drug's effectiveness when standard methods failed to relieve hiccups in a stoker. In a desperate search for some remedy, Dr. Nairn examined his stock of medicines for an anti-spasmodic that had not been tried. He found amyl nitrite and gave it to his patient. It worked.

* * *

If you can't be taught to make your mouth water at sight of a juicy beef-steak, there may be something wrong with your brain. This is the basis of a speedy examination that physicians can now use in searching for serious brain damage. Your mouth waters at the taste of a juicy beefsteak. That is known as an inborn reflex. But even young babies can learn to have the same mouth watering or start sucking movements at the sight of food. This acquired reflex is known as a conditioned reflex. The ability to form new conditioned reflexes depends on the action of the higher nervous centres and especially in mammals upon the cortex. The higher in the animal scale, the more does this ability to form conditioned reflexes depend upon the brain cortex. Inability to form new reflexes points to serious damage to the brain cortex, perhaps a brain tumor which is interfering with the functions of the nerve centres. The doctors believe that by testing for reflexes they may be directed towards the injury.

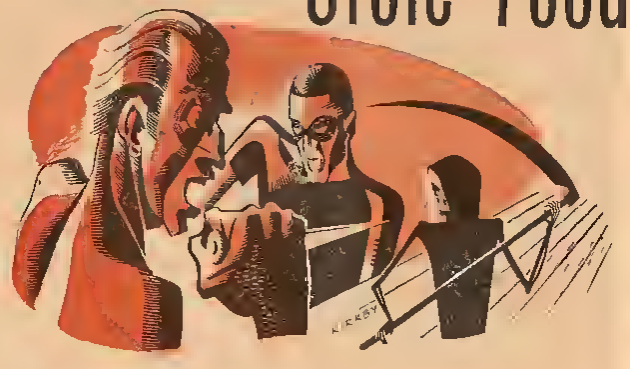
* * *

Lethal doses of potassium cyanide, one of the deadliest poisons known, have been made harmless to the nervous system of animals—and by inference, man—by Soviet scientists. They neutralised the poison by administering simple anaesthesia to the animal subjects. The anaesthesia nullified the effects of powerful hormones, like insulin and throxin, and allowed the body to rid itself of the poison while the subjects were in a coma.

* * *

A pinch of bicarbonate of soda may some day be used to improve the performance of athletes and others engaged in tasks requiring physical exercise. It has been found that bicarbonate of soda can increase the rate of elimination of carbon dioxide from the body. Experimental work is still in the preliminary stage, and considerable research must be done before the correct amounts of bicarbonate of soda can be determined. Too much can make a person ill.

THE MAN WHO Stole Food



When the doctor came to certify death he berated the hangman for a fool

IN Naples, the year 1825, there was a man named Gino Gaspari who was hungry.

In time of hunger people are not apt to be much worried by ethics This was the way with Gino Gaspari He stole food. He might have gone on stealing food for quite some time, if it had not been for that devil of a shopkeeper.

Snow lay deep on the streets of Naples. Gino was cold, hungry, desperate In his hand was a shovel, his tool of trade Not that he was employed by the city to clear the streets The shovel made it look as though he had business to be on the street outside the shops

The shops in those days were open-front stalls This one was a bakery. The smell of good bread was chilled and preserved on the cold winter air. Gino stopped and took in the aroma. He adopted the attitude of a man about to shovel snow. His experienced eyes cased the shop, weighing the chances of nipping in and snatching a loaf of bread and then getting safely away with it

At that moment the baker came out from back of the shop with a tray of freshly baked loaves.

"Much snow," the shopkeeper said

"Too much," said Gino

"Bad for business"

An idea came to Gino. "Not that I'm hungry right now," he said. "But that bread smells as if it might be good to eat What's it worth for me to clear the snow from in front of your shop first?"

"Nothing," the shopkeeper said.

Gino shrugged. "I was going to start here, anyway, because I like the smell. Just thought I might wangle a loaf from you, on the side."

He gave the shopkeeper a roguish smile The man was not amused. He grunted and went back to the bakery. As soon as the door had closed, Gino ran into the shop and snatched two of the fresh loaves of bread. He sprang back to the sidewalk. The shopkeeper flung the door open and came after Gino.

"Steal from me," he shouted. "I'll show you what I do with thieves."

The man was big and Gino was little The shovel that was his aid in theft now became his undoing. He swung it in his defence, and the blade crashed against the big man's temple. He fell groaning to the snow. And Gino turned and ran into the arms of two policemen.

The shopkeeper was dead.

Justice was swift and summary The magistrate heard the evidence, and sentenced Gino Gaspari to be hung by the neck until he was good and dead They gave Gino twelve hours to repent of his sins.

Gino disliked the hangman on sight. He was a vile type. While good men were forced to steal their food, carrion like this thrived. The hangman did not care for Gino, either.

It was one of the privileges of the hangman's job that he could have the clothes from the bodies of his victims. Naturally enough, he dreamed of hanging wealthy men. Instead, he got stuff like this.

Gino's clothes were enough to make any decent scarecrow shudder. They angered the hangman, which made him fidgety, which made him want to get the thing over and done with quickly, which may have had some bearing on what followed.

"Stand here," he told Gino.

He placed the noose around Gino's neck, took the right amount of slack and knotted it around the gallows. He let the rope go. Gino came down like a bird until the slack had been taken up. Then the fall ended and, in theory, his neck was broken.

So Gino Gaspari was dead. The hangman unknotted the rope and let the body down. He took away the noose and folded the rope against the next time he would need it. He began to remove the rags from the body.

"Thin pickings," one of the prison attendants said.

The hangman grunted "Thieves, bandits, all the poor people in the city come to me Why is it I never get any of the rich ones? I'll tell you why. Because the judges are crooked They won't send their friends to me, not they." The matter was plainly weighing on the hangman's mind.

"He looked a lot better in his rags," the attendant said. The two men lifted the body and carried it inside, where they laid it on a table. They began to arrange the grave-sheet around it, hiding the gaunt and almost fleshless bones.

The body was left on the table. In due course the prison doctor came around to pronounce it dead.

He pocked his thumb against the eyelid the attendant had closed and weighted.

The eye looked at him. It swam around in its socket. The doctor swiftly took his hand away and called for the attendants Fascinated, he watched the head roll on the table,

the eyes open, the throat swell with the effort at speech

The resurrected Gino Gaspari tried to sit up. The attendants came running into the room. The doctor said, "Free this thing. Let it get up and speak. Then bring me that bloody fool of a hangman."

The doctor was not without human feelings. "Poor wretch," he said. "You will have to be hanged all over again. They ought to hang the hangman with you."

The attendants came back with the hangman. By this time Gino was sitting up on the table, with a glass of wine supplied by the doctor beside him, dressed loosely in his grave clothes.

"Monster. Infernal bungler," the doctor said to the hangman. "See what you've done to this unfortunate man."

"He was dead," the hangman said angrily.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?"

The hangman swore that this time there would be no mistake.

They walked Gino out to the yard again. The hangman unfolded the rope. He put the noose around Gino's neck.

"Wait a minute," Gino said. "I'm not going to be hung like this. Give me back my clothes."

"Not on your life. You won't need them any more."

Gino appealed to the doctor, to the attendants. It was his right, he said, at least to be hung like a man, in a man's garments. The idea pleased the doctor. It would be a nuisance to the hangman.

"We'll go back inside and discuss this," the doctor said. "Out of the snow."

Inside or outside, the hangman was firm. He had hanged Gino once. The clothes, such as they were, now belonged to him.

"Give me back my clothes," Gino said.

"Yes," said the doctor. "Give him back his clothes."

"Then he puts them on, and I hang him, and I take them off again," the hangman argued reasonably. "That would be stupid."

"Are you going to give me back my clothes?" Gino asked him.

"No. Definitely, no."

"Very well," said Gino.

The doctor had used a knife to cut the grave-clothes away from Gino's body so that he could sit up. The knife lay on the table. Gino detested the hangman, and he had nothing to lose.

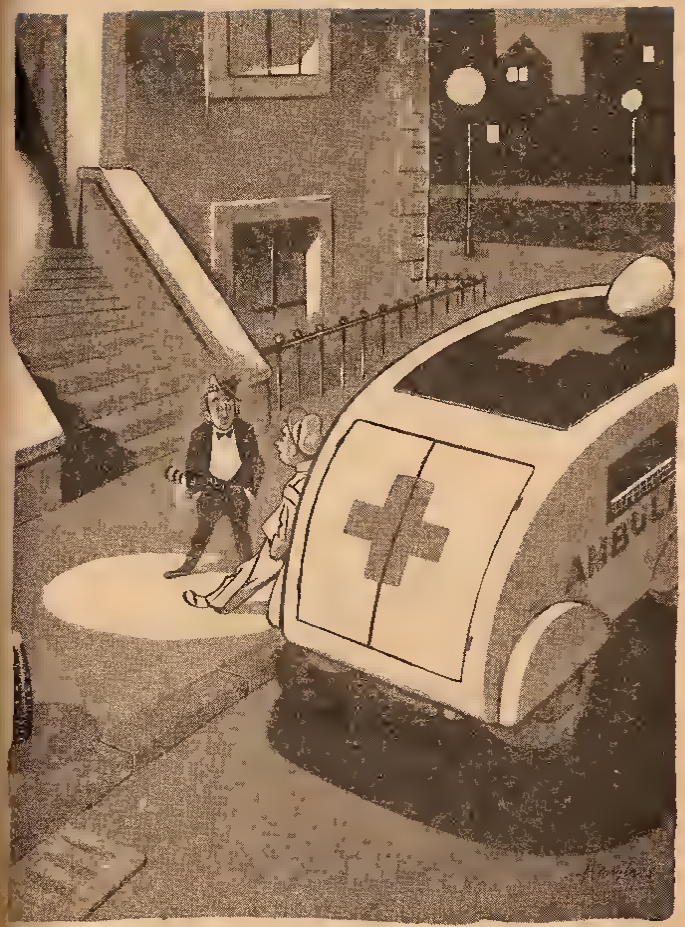
Gino took up the knife in one swift motion, and he jabbed the blade into the hangman's chest. Before they could stop him, he had withdrawn the blade and thrust again.

The hangman sank to the floor.

The doctor and the attendants sprang at Gino. They wrested the knife from him. He did not struggle, having no quarrel with them. He had evened his score with the hangman, and that satisfied him.

Gino Gaspari got his clothes back. When they had found another man to replace the dead hangman, Gino Gaspari was again led out to the yard and there, in his clothes, he was hanged. This time there was no mistake.

The record does not show whether the substitute hangman took advantage of his right to the dead man's clothes. Chances are that he was willing to forego this pleasure.



"All I know is your wife rang and asked us to wait"

BILL DELANY

THE RISE AND FALL of JOHN MONTAGUE

A golfer who could beat champions wouldn't take up golf—for good reason.

SCRATCH your memory for a moment—remember the name John Montague, of the golfing Montagues? He's the fellow who, about ten years ago, made world Press headlines for a series of feats that earned him the reputation of being the most sensational golfer of all time.

Montague's habitat, you may remember, was that great factory of mullarkey, Hollywood. He was an intimate, on and off the golf course, of Bing Crosby and half a dozen other film city luminaries, and because of his association with people whose success depended to some extent on the imagination of their Press agents, golfers outside California were inclined to discount stories of Montague's prowess.

He had defeated one of the State's best amateurs, using only a rake, a shovel, and a baseball bat; he had won a £250 bet by driving a ball three-quarters of a mile in five clouts, he had taken on and defeated some of America's best pros; he had played 30 successive rounds of 67 or under . . . these were some of the stories that currently circulated about the golfing phenomenon.

If these stories were fact, asked cynics, why did not Montague enter into the rich professional tournaments, instead of making a living by taking out freak bets? Why did he studiously avoid the publicity which, as a sporting freak, was his inevitable due? Why did he once grab a camera from a photographer, smash it, and hand the photographer £25 as damages?

This latter action supplied the reason for Montague's apparent modesty, for the photographer, a quick-thinking gentleman, quickly pocketed the plate and sent the result to a national magazine.

Soon after this event, the Governor of California received extradition papers from the New York police.

"This man,' it was charged, "is believed to have held up a roadhouse near Jay, New York, on August 4, 1930, brutally slugging the aged proprietor and taking 800 dollars. Three of the bandits were caught during the chase when their car overturned. One was killed, and two were given gaol sentences.

"The fourth, allegedly Laverne Moore, escaped, and is believed to be John Montague."

The impact on Montague's Hollywood friends was terrific. Bing Crosby, for one, found the charge incredible, and said publicly that he had known Montague for five years, and had never known him to behave other than as a gentleman, and that Hollywood still accepted him as an upright man. Crosby was one of a number of film stars who offered to put up bail to any amount.

But Montague, in spite of all offers of aid, went to New York to face the charges. Evidence against him was heavy. In 1927, he had been convicted of petty larceny, and in the overturned car of the hold-up incident, had been found a photograph of Laverne Moore, a set of golf clubs, and press cuttings praising his ability as a baseballer of some merit.

Moore, it appeared, had been an outstanding athlete at school, and the authorities had long suspected that if he were to be caught, it would be because he had turned to professional sport for a living.

Released on £5000 bail, he was told by the judge.

"We have a rather unique situation here. On one hand, we have a picture of vicious crime. Then we have a picture of a reformed man who left town, turned over a new leaf, and built himself up morally till he became a respected member of society.

"You have been returned, not for the purpose of persecution, but in order that you may be prosecuted in a decent and humane manner for the crime you have been charged with."

To friends, now, Montague confided that he had begun his phenomenal golfing career in Florida, but published stories of his skill had forced him to leave there and work in the Nevada goldfields, where he had struck it rich. He turned up in Hollywood in 1932 and his golfing ability earned him the friendship of many notables.

His appearances, however, had been confined to the film city, and the outside world, still suspicious of the authenticity of his legendary feats, heard with some satisfaction that he would, while on bail, play a friendly golf match with Grantland Rice, Clarence Budington Kelland, and the famous professional golfer, Alex Morrison.

It was an occasion for which the cynics had been waiting. Now, for the first time, it would be possible

to gauge Montague's skill as a golfer; the opportunity, too, to prove that the fabulous tales that had come out of Hollywood were as synthetic as the manufactured stories about film heroes and heroines.

Those who had defended Montague against the charges felt a good deal of pessimism. After all, they said, Montague was suffering a great mental stress, and under similar circumstances, it was probable that the country's best-known golfers would crack up.

The match took place at the North Hampstead Country Club, New York City. To the gallery was attracted some of the city's most famous people—including a few whose duty it might later be to escort Montague to the penitentiary.

How would Montague react to all this? He indicated his reaction at the first tee, when he sent his ball winging straight and true towards the pin 300 yards away. Thereafter, he was never off the line, and finished the round with a truly remarkable 65, five strokes under par.

Montague had answered his critics and lived up to his reputation as a golfing freak. Here was a man who might easily supplant Bobby Jones as the greatest golfer who ever swung a club, who might even equal Jones' epic "grand slam" of 1930, in which the British Amateur, British Open, U.S. Amateur and U.S. Open had fallen to the master.

No one questioned his ability to perform the feat, but its accomplishment might be forestalled by two eventualities: first, it was known that Montague had made his living by betting on his aptitude for hitting a golf ball longer and straighter than other men, and he could conceivably be rated a professional; and, secondly, when these events were being fought out, he might be in gaol.

Montague's trial was eagerly awaited by sensation-loving Americans, and when the date came, the gallery was as jam-packed as it had been, a few weeks before, in a vastly different place.

Five hours after the jury retired, it returned with the verdict:

"Not guilty."

Public sentiment was behind the verdict, and Montague returned to Hollywood as an idol whose feet had been wiped free of clay.

Now, he could enter in all the important tournaments to clinch his place as the greatest golfer in history. He was reputed to have been offered an exceptional film contract, and to have rejected it. But Montague played little golf, and, proving the fallibility of public esteem, found at last the anonymity he had always sought.

After two years, he came from obscurity to enter the National Open—and returned a first round score of 80, after which he retired from the field. Perhaps he preferred to remain in obscurity, and had taken advantage of the Open to ensure that he would; or maybe, he was suffering from a psychological disarrangement that prevented him from regaining his spectacular golfing greatness.

Golf records books do not include the name, John Montague. But to those who saw him at his best, among them Bing Crosby, Montague will probably be remembered as the man whom Fate robbed of sporting immortality. It is rarely given to any man to be unbelievably good—especially at golf!

"Er—let me have that back—there's a P.S."

C MASON KERR

CHINESE PIRATES TODAY

Patient spies tick-tack the news that makes a ship easy prey of yellow Vikings.

THERE has been a resurgence of piracy on the China Coast. After a lull in spectacular sorties the pirates once again have attacked a steamer, this time the Dutchman Van Heutsz.

As long as the China Coast has been known to white men it has had its pirates.

During the war the pirates moved out of their notorious Bias Bay, 50 miles east of Hongkong. Now they have shifted back. While the bay and the surrounding territory form their hide-out, their field of reconnaissance is Hongkong with its Victoria City nestling beneath the shadows of The Peak, its Victoria Harbour and Kowloon with its bigger docks below the blue and often mist enshrouded hills (the Nine Dragons).

Anywhere in these localities you may meet a pirate and never know.

The pirates move everywhere, always on the alert for a likely ship to plunder. They move into the city and send out their scouts. The shipping community cannot detect them among the hundreds of thousands in the city. They dress, talk and behave the same as their more honest and law abiding compatriots. All the time they are scheming, plotting, watching with Celestial cunning for a weakness in the port's anti-piracy measures.

They are patient. They may wait a year for a likely ship before they strike. When they do attack they adopt general tactics that rarely vary.

Usually a band of about 20 board the selected vessel as passengers. When well out at sea they draw revolvers and first hold up the bridge and capture the wireless room, to gain control of the ship quickly and stop radio messages calling for assistance. Once assured that no signals have gone out, they fan through the ship and set to work to plunder cargo and passengers.

The attack upon the 4550-ton Dutch steamer Van Heutsz last year was by far the most daring since the end of the war. The Van Heutsz had been carrying an armed guard of 12 Dutch soldiers on every voyage up the China Coast. In December it dispensed with the guards because the coast seemed quiet.

The pirate spies picked up the information.

On a Sunday afternoon, when the Van Heutsz was 80 miles east of Hongkong, bound for Swatow, the pirates rose. There were 25 of them booked as steerage passengers. They had revolvers and sub-machine guns booked as cargo. The passengers woke from their mid-afternoon nap to discover that the pirates had control.

The officers found themselves looking down the business ends of revolvers. They were herded into two cabins, closely guarded. The crew of 100 were forced into their quarters.

The pirate chief and his leading henchmen went to the captain's cabin, drank his liquor and smoked their own opium. While this party was in progress the pirates robbed passengers of valuables and ransacked baggage. The 1600 Chinese passengers were plundered methodically.

At dawn the pirates sighted a passing junk and stopped it by firing a shot across its bow. It was ordered alongside the gangway. With revolvers dug into their ribs six Chinese who were wealthy enough to ransom were taken aboard the junk. Pirates followed with valuables, including money and jewellery, crammed into buckets and basins. The booty was estimated to be worth £180,000 in Australian currency.

Some pirates remained on the Van Heutsz after the junk departed. Captain Vliek and Mr. Altona with six of their seamen were told to get into one of the lifeboats and row themselves ashore. The pirates lowered the ship's motor boat, overtook the lifeboat, and having changed their minds about holding the ship's people to ransom, instructed them to row back to their ship. Then they left.

The Van Heutsz went on her way, the radio screaming the news to Hongkong. When she arrived in the port the Hongkong police were waiting for her, and they began a most difficult investigation.

No information came through to Hongkong as to the identity of the pirates. There was, however, one clue. The only European passenger, Mr. G. Collings, who had spent some time in Singapore, recognised one of the Chinese attackers as a man he had seen there.

It is generally agreed that the gang comprised Bias Bay men.

In a few instances pirates have been foiled. One of the most notable victories was that of the British steamer Sunning, 2555 tons gross, a high mark of piratical ambition. In 1923, on her way from Hongkong to Kongmoon, she was attacked by pirates disguised as passengers.

Without warning they fired on and seriously wounded Captain McKechnie and his chief officer. One Sikh guard was wounded and the other

two overpowered. Then the pirates looted the ship and escaped.

A second attack was made on the Sunning in November, 1926, while she was bound from Amoy to Hongkong. The pirates shipped a particularly strong band and their plans reached a high pitch of efficiency. They dropped into their key positions like well-drilled soldiers. They worked so well that they had a bloodless capture.

Success made them careless.

Six Europeans, most of them ship's officers, and a Russian woman, were locked in the chief officer's cabin for the night. The men found two revolvers and some ammunition in a drawer.

While they were planning to challenge the pirates Captain Pringle and Chief Officer Thomas Beatty were navigating the ship towards Bias Bay under threat of death. One of the leading marks on the course is Chilang Point. Beatty suddenly pointed into the darkness.

"There's Chilang Point!" he exclaimed.

"Here, have a look for yourself!" he said.

The pirate took the binoculars, lifted them to his eyes and his companion stood by him. While they were standing there Beatty felt around until his hand touched the deep-sea lead. With a hefty blow he killed one of them and the two overpowered the second.

They had two revolvers and 150 rounds of ammunition. A third Chinese climbed up the bridge ladder. He was shot at point blank range and killed. The sound of the shot raised the alarm. Time after time the Chinese rushed the bridge. Fire from the officers drove them back quickly.

The pirates set fire to the superstructure in the hope of smoking out the defenders. As soon as the pirates moved astern the men on the bridge were joined by the party from the cabin with their two weapons and ammunition. A handful of white men, lightly armed in choking smoke, were confronting 40 well armed and desperate Chinese.

Captain Pringle made his way for'ard and dropped one anchor. This brought the Sunning's bow around to the wind and drove the flames down upon the pirates crammed aft.

Defeated, the pirates lowered two of the lifeboats aft and as many as could scrambled into them and escaped. The burning superstructure attracted the attention of passing ships. The Sunning's radio brought the British sloop Bluebell at full speed. The fire was controlled. Nine of the pirates were captured and hanged in Hongkong.

Even as the war was ending, the pirates were active. One Chinese merchant proudly told officers of the British Pacific Fleet that steamed in and liberated Hongkong at the end of August, 1945, that he could supply the warships with some fresh vegetables. Using a motor boat, he guaranteed successfully to run the gauntlet of the pirates from Macao, along the coast, a couple of times a week.

Beyond doubt, while the hunt goes on for the Van Heutsz pirates, they are still robbing junks—and back in Hongkong they have their scouts watching, scheming, waiting for a chance to repeat their assault. They will be patient: they find it profitable.

I was without a penny when I started. Now look, I have an overdraft of ten thousand, I owe taxation twenty thousand and my manufacturers twelve thousand.

Curved to catch the Sunshine

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 42)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

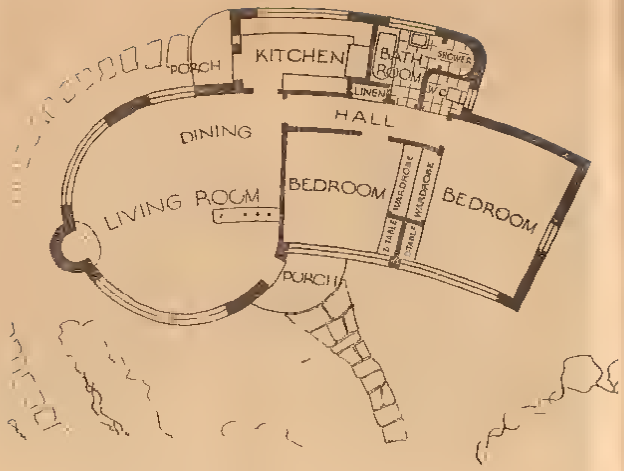
Of the many plans that have been used for building small homes, very few have been able to combine new features with practicability It may be true that there is nothing new under the sun, but it still seems possible on occasion to combine old features and old forms into something that is refreshingly different

Cavalcade's home designer has developed a new type of plan under the title of "the Radius Sunshine House" Two plans for this type of house constitute Cavalcade's Home of To-day No 42.

The house faces into the sun, and is designed on a curve, which ensures that the maximum amount of sunshine is trapped as the sun follows its natural course

The layout naturally calls for a modern type of treatment and the house looks best with a flat or low pitched roof and wide eaves On the perspective sketch the eaves are discontinued around the living room, and a dramatic appearance is thus achieved.

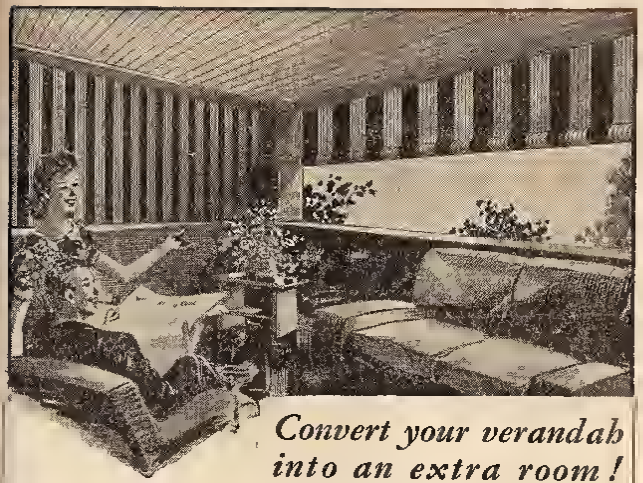
Designed for a two-bedroom home, the Radius Sunshine plan can be extended to almost unlimited extent. It can be placed on



almost any position on the block of land, the compass points being the main factor in determining the siting. The first plan shows the entrance door opening from a small covered porch into a hall which leads to the bedrooms and the bathroom. In the second plan the entrance door leads directly into the living room, with a screen, composed of a low cabinet on which flowers could be placed, providing desired privacy.

Each bedroom is fitted up with a built-in wardrobe and dressing table, and there is also ample linen storage. The bathroom is conveniently placed in relation to the bedrooms, is modern in its fittings, and has a separate shower recess. The kitchen is completely fitted up, the equipment including a modern washing machine. Service from the kitchen is direct to the dining portion of the living room.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house to best advantage is 66-ft. The building cost at the rate of £200 per square would be £2800.



Convert your verandah into an extra room!

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A SPARE ROOM to use the whole year round—a sleep out that's snug, warm and rainproof. "Aberdeen" "Climate Control" Blinds, can change your neglected verandah into a useful, comfortable and attractive room.

The colour magic of "Aberdeen" gives a warm glow that brightens up those dark corners. "Aberdeen" "Climate Control" Blinds are made from guaranteed fadeless, waterproof ducks, in a wide variety of coloured stripes to harmonise with your favourite decorative scheme.

Your nearest "Aberdeen" dealer will gladly assist you with your planning—will give you estimates and free advice on suitable designs and colour schemes.

You will be eager to put your ideas to work, transforming your verandah into a likeable, livable room. Samples of "Aberdeen" exclusive designs gladly posted.

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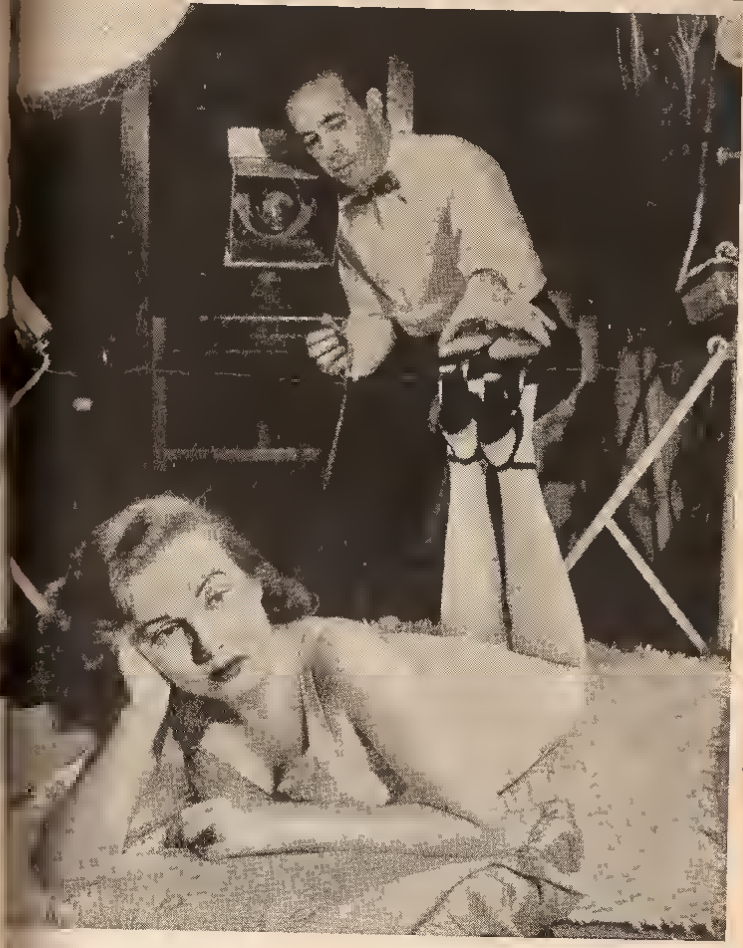
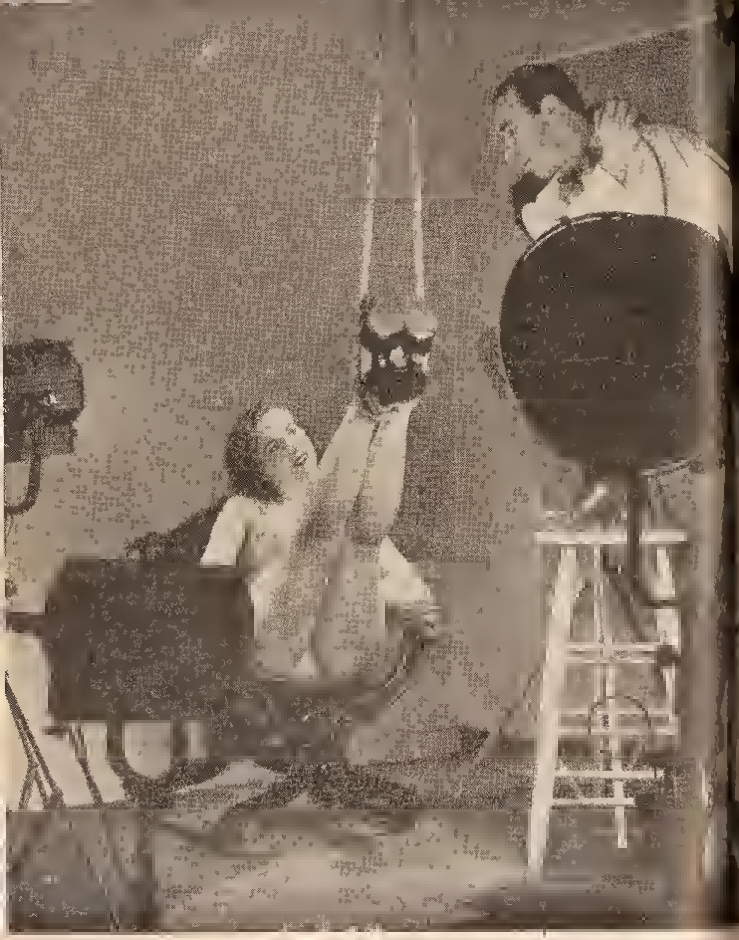
Cavalcade's Picture Story

Glamour GAMS

LEGS aren't just something to walk on. That part of a girl between the feet and the hips has become a major item of civilisation, the business of making legs beautiful and keeping them covered is a big-money industry, demands advertising. Advertising in turn demands beautiful legs, and men to photograph them. This model wishes the stockings she's going to pose in were hers for keeps.



PHOTOGRAPHER FARKAS is only interested in photographs of the lady's legs, ...ines down this time. He doesn't care how bored she looks. Farkas rarely ...otographs a figure, even more rarely photographs a face. He has a reputation ...r doing more and better leg pictures than any other photographer going. He ...s glamor into gams.



THIS POSE would be almost impossible without the supporting sling. If you doubt it, get your legs up there and try to "hold it." Farkas uses every possible device to get the correct shape of beautiful legs, says women who cross their knees distort a nicely-shaped leg

AGAIN, artificial aids just outside the picture. Discomfort to the model would hinder the work—Farkas wants the weight off her legs so that he can get exactly the right line into this pose. All he actually wants to photograph is stocking-tops down, which seems a pity!

NOTHING BUT BLOOD rushes to the head of a glamour model. The lovely legs that will finally appear in the advertisement will be anonymous, bodyless, faceless. Nobody's ever going to know that the model stood on her head to get the picture right. Acrobats with infinite patience make the best models for this sort of thing.

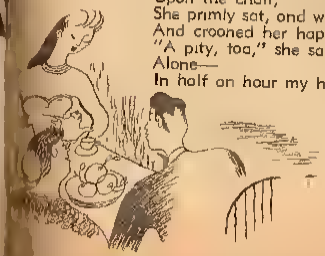
ZOLTAN FARKAS, the leg specialist photographer, doesn't take just any old model, even if she's an acrobat. Most of us might be content with any of the legs in this picture. But Farkas is fussy and right now is deciding which of the three pairs will give him the best picture and same svelte stocking the best advertisement.

Study by Roye

Repeat Performance

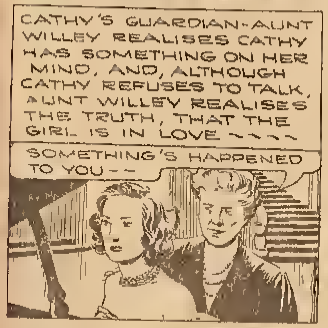
A tune
That wings an echo to the soul,
And June
With starry nights and crisp cold days,
A man and girl with but a single goal,
A cosy den, and then,
The old, old ways
Of man and maid
(However staid they be)
Repeat the ancient story of the world
"It's nice of you to visit me,"
Says she
Catlike, inviting on a sofa curled
He moves to take her in his arms
She slips
Aside, and makes a little modest play
And smiles at his provoked alarms
With lips
That slyly urge him on to loving joy,
And then allows a fleeting kiss
"Please stay
To tea—mother will be home soon," he hears her say
He stayed to tea
And did the things he should—
The things she meant him to She made him say
"I will" in the right places She was good
Too good for him
He met her every whim,
So she had all she asked, and sometimes more
Nothing to long (or fight) for, but a grim
Desire for life not to be quite a bore
Then in her cosy den
Again in June,
A tune
That wings an echo from the soul
Swam from the radio (there was a moon
And night had made her eager for her goal)
And she
Had happily prepared for him his tea,
And made him comfortable bold to say,
"Do stay,
"I so enjoy the minutes with you." He
Relaxed himself The old, old man-maid way
Was theirs to tread instead,
Upon the chair,
She primly sat, and with his hair made play,
And crooned her happiness that he was there
"A pity, too," she said, "that we can't stay
Alone—
In half an hour my husband's coming home!"

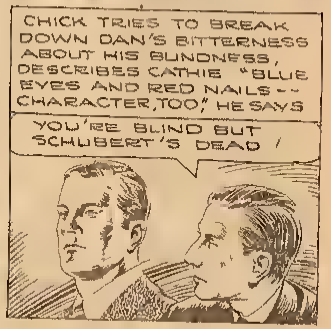
MORRIS McLEOD

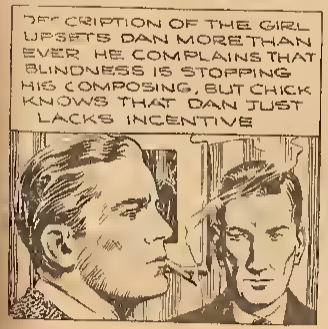


NIGHT SONG

STORY OF THE PHOTOPLAY STARRING DANA ANDREWS AND MERLE OBERON, PRODUCED BY JOHN CROMWELL AND RELEASED BY R.K.O. RADIO PICTURES. ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BELBIN.







"Dad uses Mobiloil, too"

VACUUM OIL COMPANY PTY LTD.

AS THEY TALK OF WHAT THEY REMEMBER SEEING BEFORE THEY WENT BLIND DAN EXPLAINS THAT HE CANNOT WRITE MUSIC BECAUSE HE CANNOT SEE ANYTHING, CANNOT GET IDEAS - - - - - - - - -
MARY PLAYS PIANO WHILE VISITING DAN'S FLAT AND HER ABILITY INTERESTS HIM - -
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN BLIND ?
SINCE MY CHILDHOOD - -
GETTING A NEW IDEA FROM SOMETHING MARY HAS SAID TO HIM, DAN WRITES A PIECE OF MUSIC. CHICK IS DELIGHTED THAT HIS BLIND FRIEND IS TRYING TO COMPOSE AGAIN - - - -
LISTEN TO THIS !
HEARING THAT DAN HAS TRIED TO WRITE MUSIC, MARY WANTS TO HELP FURTHER - - - - - - - - - -
COULDN'T HIS SIGHT POSSIBLY BE RESTORED ?
CHICK EXPLAINS THAT AN EXPENSIVE OPERATION MIGHT GIVE DAN BACK HIS SIGHT. THEY TRY TO DEVISE A MEANS OF PAYING FOR DAN WHO WOULDN'T ACCEPT CHARITY
MARY DECIDES, UNDER HER OWN NAME OF CATHERINE MALLORY, TO USE SOME OF HER WEALTH TO OFFER A MUSICAL PRIZE.

Breks
THE "FEEL" OF SPORTS TROUSERS
TOP DOG
THE BRAND WITH A PEDIGREE
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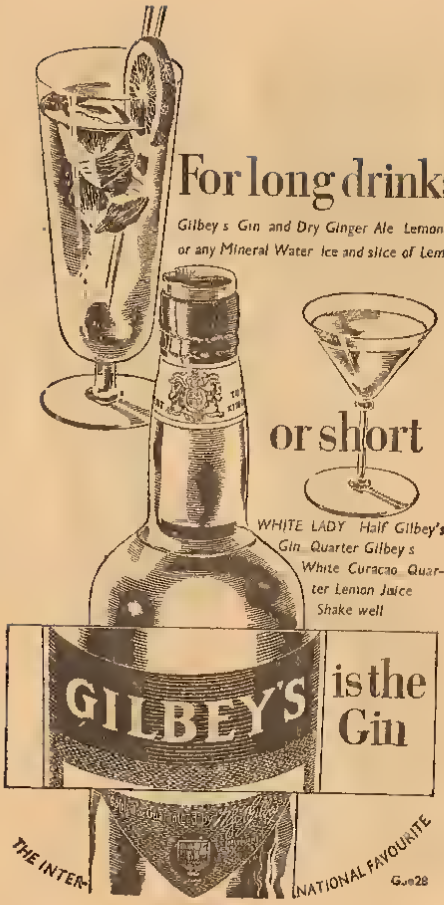
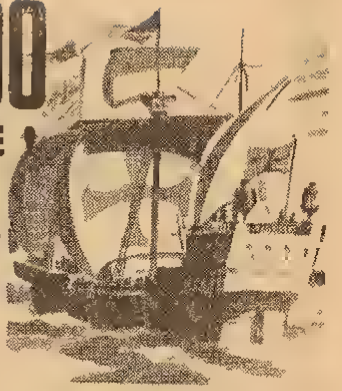
No Elastic to pucker or perish
THE IDEAL TROUSER FOR ALL SPORTS


For long drinks
Gilbey's Gin and Dry Ginger Ale Lemonade or any Mineral Water Ice and slice of Lemon.
or short
WHITE LADY Half Gilbey's Gin Quarter Gilbey's White Curacao Quarter Lemon Juice Shake well
GILBEY'S
is the Gin
THE INTER-
NATIONAL FAVOURITE
GJ-28

TELLING DAN ABOUT THE COMPETITION, THEY TRY TO INOUCE HIM TO ENTER -- HE REFUSES - - - - - - - -
THAT NIGHT DAN DOESN'T GO TO BED HE SITS AT HIS PIANO TRYING TO WRITE MORE MUSIC
DAN HITS THE IDEA TO GO AHEAD WITH HIS MUSIC, PLAYS IT OVER TO CHICK, WHO IS ENTHUSIASTIC - - - - - -
GET THIS !
YOU GOT IT !
THROUGH THE NIGHT THEY WORK, DAN COMPOSING THE MUSIC ON THE PIANO CHICK WRITING IT DOWN FOR HIM !
DAN, WITH CHICK'S HELP COMPLETES HIS ENTRY FOR THE COMPETITION MARY EXCITEDLY LOOKS AT THE MANUSCRIPT
HE'S DONE IT !
WITH THE MANUSCRIPT COMPLETED, CHICK IS WORRIED IN CASE IT DOESN'T WIN --
WHAT IF HE DOESN'T WIN ?
HE WILL WIN --

EL DORADO IS NO FAKE!



You may think El Dorado is a myth, but this will prove you wrong!

In the sixteenth century, when adventurers from Western Europe were carving chunks for their rulers out of the New World, much of their incentive was supplied by tales of El Dorado, a place of fabulous wealth.

To-day, in the index of any good atlas, you can find several El Dorados in America. There's one in California (and it's not Hollywood!), Arkansas, Illinois, and Kansas. However, all these places are far removed, in space and character, from the El Dorado sought by so many Europeans.

As a matter of fact, El Dorado was first thought to be the king or priest of a South American tribe. He was believed to cover himself with gold dust at a religious festival, hence the name which is Spanish for "the gilded one." Later it was applied to a city called Manoa or Omoa. No proof remains that this city ever existed — if we ignore the verbal testimony of a gentleman named Martinez who claimed to have entered the city and to have been entertained by "El Dorado" himself!

Contemporary historians do not record whether Martinez's sense of direction was poor, or whether he was too mean to share his discovery with others, but he never again set foot in the fabulous city.

Despite Martinez's "discovery," the search went on, and it is still continued by some people. El Dorado has lost its original meaning, certainly, and is now used generally to signify money. For money means security, that happy state of mind we all desire.

Far more people, however, know that the El Dorado of security is no will-o-the-wisp version of Lady Luck. It is ready at hand for every Australian who takes out a Life Assurance policy.

Life Assurance is a "double-barrelled" El Dorado, too. It ensures future security for every policy holder because his savings are invested in worth-while securities such as public utilities and Government Loans, in municipal development, primary production and secondary industry. All these owe their success, to some extent, to Australia's three million policy holders. And in addition by placing their money at the disposal of these important investments, Life Assurance helps to make the world a more pleasant place for everyone to live in to-day.

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TAKING A FERRY-RIDE BY NIGHT, DAN ADMITS HIS LOVE FOR CATHY--
STANDING BACK STAGE DAN HEARS HIS PRIZE-WINNING MUSIC PLAYED. HE REMEMBERS THE PART "BLIND" MARY PLAYED WHILE HE WAS WRITING IT--
REALISATION OF THE PART MARY HAS PLAYED IS BROKEN BY LOUD APPLAUSE AS THE CONCERTO FINISHES, BUT HE HAS RESOLVED TO GO BACK TO THE "BLIND" GIRL--
YOU MAY BE HOLDING OUT YOUR HAND BUT I CAN'T SEE IT--
TAKE A MESSAGE TO CATHY --TELL HER I'VE GONE BACK TO THE BLIND GIRL!
EXIT
CHICK TELLS CATHY THAT HE AND DAN ARE GOING BACK TO SAN FRANCISCO TO FIND THE BLIND GIRL. SHE IS OVERJOYED THAT DAN REALISES HIS OBLIGATION TO HER
CATHY FLIES BACK TO THE FLAT WHERE SHE LIVED AS "BLIND" MARY IS WAITING FOR DAN WHEN HE COMES

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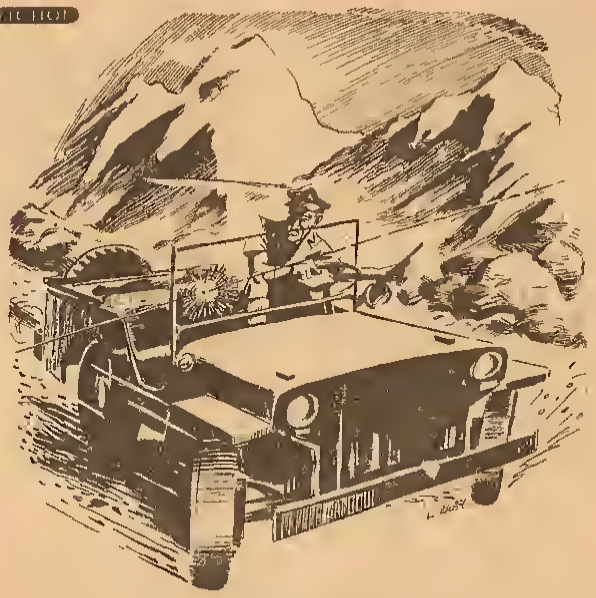

ROAD to JERICHO

There was a big break-out due. The Australian was held to hostage in the desert

★ CEDRIC MENTIPLAY

"BUT why on earth, man, must you go to Jericho? It's—it's not a place any more."

The colonel slapped his hands down on the table with a force that made the glasses dance.

Tony Rattray sighed and twirled his glass

"You forget, sir, that Australia is where I came from, Jerusalem is where I am, and Jericho is a matter of twenty-four miles over the Mount

of Olives. I'm about the last Aussie in the Middle East. I've finished my job with the disposals people, and I've wangled a bit of leave in Palestine to revisit some of the spots I knew in 'forty-one. Jericho is on my list."

"You make it sound so damned easy." The colonel was plainly tired of arguing, but made a last appeal to reason. "Now I ask you, my boy, to look about you. What do you see?"

Tony glanced around the room. The wide ornate lounge of the King David Hotel had become familiar to him during the past few days, but he had to admit that it had its unusual features.

Through the discreet gloom that veiled the southern wall he could make out the roughness of raw planking covering shattered windows. In one corner the plaster had scaled away. Naked brick showed uncompromisingly in the midst of a desert mural.

"The year is 1948," explained the colonel carefully. "The damage you see in this room is the result of seige. There are other rooms like this, scattered through this benighted country. All Palestine is an armed camp—and you want to go to Jericho! You know they caught young Moshe Hememann red-handed after that train was blown up, and you know he's been condemned to death. The Irgun Zvei Leumi and the Haganah have threatened that his execution will touch off a train of bloodshed throughout the Holy Land. It's quiet now, all right—but it won't be after the trapdoor falls at dawn tomorrow."

Tony leaned forward. "All right, that means I go today. I can be back again tonight, and no harm done."

The colonel closed his eyes and shuddered.

"So you're going, eh? Thought you would."

"Glad you see it my way," said Tony, jumping to his feet. "See you tonight."

"Wait!" The colonel was regarding him with cold blue English eyes. "You will not go by taxi or bus, because there aren't any—and you won't go unarmed, because in that uniform and alone you're an answer to a freebooter's dream. My jeep is in the park outside. Here are the keys. There's a Tommy-gun behind the driver's seat."

This conversation kept recurring to Tony as he piloted the lively little scout car through the Nablus gate and ran along outside the northern wall of Jerusalem towards Gethsemane.

Here and there he passed infantry sections of British troops moving with a measured lack of haste about their tasks. The sun twinkled reassuringly on their bayonets, and struck sparks from the fresh barbed-wire of the road-blocks they guarded.

Then the road gaped white and empty before him—the road through the wilderness to the parched enigma of the Dead Sea lands. He cursed himself silently for a fool. What did it matter if he went back without seeing old Ali Hassan? The old rascal had probably forgotten him anyway.

Within a few minutes it was as if he were running alone among the mountains of the moon. His heart leapt with relief when he saw trench lines and gunpits cut cleanly into

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the arid ground. He looked for troops, and cursed again when he realised that the fortifications were those dug by Allenby's men more than thirty years before and preserved without blemish in the dry air.

Suddenly before him was a dry stream-bed, spanned by a bridge. He eased his pace, slipped into second gear—and saw squarely in the middle of the bridge an oblong gap exposing the grey glint of girders. A yard of planking had been taken out.

Tumbled boulders on all sides gave excellent cover for snipers. He whipped the lever into reverse, shot the little car backwards towards the roadside so that the wheels skidded wildly in the dust. If he could only get her round, get out of here, get moving.

A star cracked open on his windshield, blowing a froth of glass splinters which stung his face. The jeep was broadside on to the road. Another swing was necessary, and time had run out. It was too late.

Grabbing the Tommy-gun, he rolled out of the jeep and dived for the roadside. Something flicked across his chest, and pain sprang out like the sting of a branding-iron. He stumbled, tripped, and crashed heavily down into a shallow ditch cut by old floodwaters between the roadbed and the solid rock.

Gasping, he lay for a moment where he had fallen. Exploring fingers established that the wound was a deep diagonal graze; as a wound it was light enough, but it was costing him blood.

He raised himself. Nothing moved. They were making sure, eh? Well, they'd better be careful.

He inspected the Tommy-gun,

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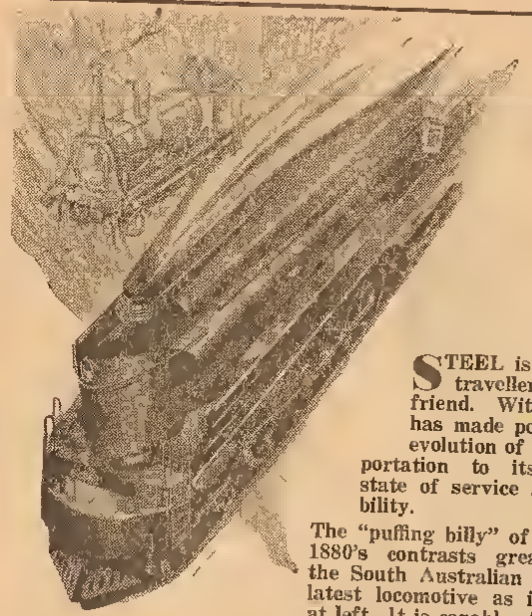

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worked the action back and forth, and fitted a new clip. There were five twenty-round magazines in all, including four in a canvas bandolier strapped to the butt.

Lying motionless in the ditch he awaited developments. It seemed an age before anything happened. Then, as if a heat eddy had suddenly crystallised, a figure appeared in the roadway beyond the bridge. It came on slowly, a man in flowing Arab garments with rifle poised.

Scarcely moving, Tony flicked up the Lyman sight of the Tommy-gun and adjusted it to three hundred yards. A long shot for the little gangster weapon.

The Arab looked straight at him. Bracing himself against the roadbed, Tony whipped up the Tommy-gun, clamped his fingers firmly around the pistol grips, and pressed the butt into his aching shoulder. Through the aperture he saw the Arab halt, saw the rifle spring up, level itself. Then quite coolly, as if giving a demonstration to recruits, he aimed off his target to allow for torque, held his breath, and squeezed the trigger.

The Tommy-gun hammered briefly. An invisible fist struck the Arab once, again, smashing him back against the girders. Suddenly he was a tumbled heap of old clothing on the planking. Then from half-a-dozen points among the boulders came the flashes of rifle fire, and Tony was hugging the stony bottom of the depression.

He slid the sight up to the maximum, fitted a fresh magazine, and resumed his vigil. A man might as well go out trying.

A sharp sound behind him caused him to turn. He saw a small stone roll downwards from the lip of some sort of a trench on the hillside above him and perhaps fifty yards away. Surely there was nobody there? Shakily he dismissed the thought. If one of the gang had been posted there the show would have been over long ago.

He turned again to watch the boulders. Two Arabs were in plain view, streaking for the cover of an outcrop high on the flank. He threw up his weapon, fired a long, wailing burst that ended with an empty chamber.

He slapped in another clip, rose to his knees—and paused petrified as a machine-gun clattered, behind him. He turned. The bell muzzle and bipod of a Bren showed over the trench parapet. It was firing in easy measured bursts of five, smooth and controlled—and its line of sight was far over his head.

The flanking outcrop was spurting dust in neat groups. Then a hand shot up from behind it, and a dark form in a flowing galabieh sprawled down the hillside.

Movement far off to the left caught Tony's eye. Covered by the fire of the Bren, two khaki-clad figures sprinted across the riverbed and went to ground. The solitary defender of the outcrop probably never realised the nature of this new threat. A single shot rang out as the Bren ceased fire, and something rolled limply from the Arab position.

A voice from the trench above him said slowly, "Come now. We cover you. Now!"

As he scrambled upwards the Bren opened again on the boulders above the bridge. He dropped into the trench to find it occupied by two men in faded battledress.

"Good old Tommies," murmured Tony, and let the battle go as weakness and reaction claimed him.

"You will come to the chief?"

Tony blinked. Battle-dress covered a multitude of nationalities, but this was Palestine, and the war three years over.

"I say, thanks a lot, Dig," he replied. "But who are you? You're not a Tommy. What's your outfit?"

The dark eyes flashed, and the jaw-muscles twitched beneath the olive skin. "I belong to another army," said the man.

"But—the battle-dress, and that job you just did?"

"You will come with us to our chief, Yacub. He will decide. There is a special reason."

The three proceeded slowly down the hillside until they were joined by four others, all armed and equipped as British soldiers. An army Dodge eight hundredweight truck now stood beside the jeep, and the bridge had been repaired. The Bren gunner gestured him into the back seat of the jeep, which followed the truck at a fast clip down the road.

At length the vehicles swung off onto a side road, along which they travelled for perhaps five miles before easing themselves through screening bushes into the mouth of a small wadi.

In the shadow, a man sat stooped over a table. The Bren gunner snapped a British salute, stepped forward, and addressed the man in a language unintelligible to Tony. The man replied shortly, rose to his feet as if very weary, and came out blinking into the late afternoon sunshine.

"And so, my friend, you are to be our guest?"

Tony was conscious of a pair of great dark eyes peering at him from a face the colour of weather-beaten mahogany, yet still his impression was one of mildness, of infinite patience, almost of suffering.

"Your guest? Seems I'm more like a captive."

The old man shrugged. He led the way under the awning again, and Tony collapsed gratefully into a folding chair. The old man sat behind the table opposite him.

"And now, sir, do you mind telling me what this is all about?" demanded Tony.

The great eyes regarded him fixedly. "It is very simple, my friend. We needed a British soldier, preferably an officer and unhurt, so we laid a trap. The Arabs you met were opportunists, as most Arabs are. Our men enjoyed their little skirmish, the Arabs are no more—and we have our British officer."

"But—what's the point of that?"

"Pardon me, I should have introduced myself. My name is Yacub Heinemann."

"Heinemann?" Where had he heard that name before? He remembered. It was the name of the terrorist to be executed tomorrow morning!

The old man's voice was bitter. "Moshe Heinemann—he is my son!"

Tony licked dry lips.

"But—I'm an Australian, here on leave. I've got no part in this. What can I do?"

"When darkness falls a party will leave here for Jerusalem. They will bear proof to the British commander that you are our prisoner. If Moshe dies—you will not see another sunrise!"

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Do you regard liqueurs merely as an after dinner drink or are you one of the growing number of discriminating folk who seek Lochiel's aid in preparing satisfying "long" drinks of unusual flavour and undoubted merit.
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1 liqueur glass Abbeytine, 2 liqueur glasses White Curacao, 1 liqueur glass Apricot Brandy, dash of Bitters, juice of 1 Lemon. Lengthen with Soda Water.

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The voice was earnest. Tony gulped.

"Believe me, I am sorry," he said mildly. "I do not believe in terrorism. Moshe was impatient, and the British themselves had trained him too well in the arts of war—but he is my son."

That was the end of the interview. The night crawled by with agonising slowness. It was plain that the guards either knew no English or had been instructed to hold no conversation with him. His shoes were removed and his ankles were bound.

The numbness which had followed the first revelation now gave way to a frenzied desire to make a break for it. He gripped the side of the stretcher and threw his weight against his bonds, but even that slight movement brought a click of steel from the darkness outside. The lamp poised above his head revealed him all too plainly to the vigilant guards. Escape that way was hopeless.

A light further down the wadi caught his eye. A lamp was burning under the awning, and the stooped shadow of Yacub sprawled like a great black spider across the canvas.

The light with its brooding shadow had a hypnotic effect, for soon he fell into fitful slumber, in which Jews and Arabs floated before the sights of a Tommy-gun which persisted in jamming at the crucial moment.

He awoke at first light, to find Yacub bending over him.

"Well, any news yet?" Tony strove to conceal the tremor in his voice.

"Nothing yet." The old man was pale beneath his tan, and dark shadows were etched deeply beneath his eyes. "If the message has not reached your commander, or if he has decided

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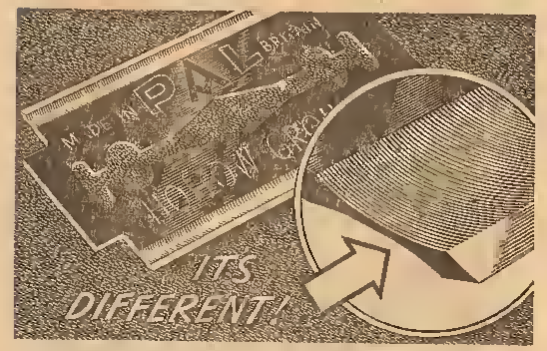

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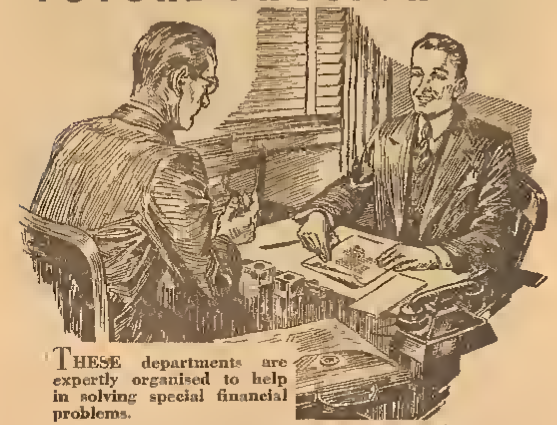

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not to heed it, they will be making ready now. Moshe is a soldier—he won your Military Medal on the Semo when your cause was ours—he will conduct himself well."

Tony felt a great compassion for the old man. Somehow, he gained the impression that he was a member of a vast audience, watching a play in which he had no part.

"But why does all this have to be?" he asked. "Why do your people fight so hard for this lousy country? Look at it! Most of it wouldn't carry a sheep to a hundred acres!"

Yacub shook himself out of his reverie to reply. "You are Australian, are you not? You fought for England when she needed you. Why? Your life is precious only to yourself and your people, and your country is on the other side of the world."

"Yes, but England's our Old Country." Tony felt himself floundering. "It's the Empire, and standing together, and——"

"But you would not live there?"

"No, can't say I would. My home's in Melbourne."

"My boy, we fight for Palestine because it is our country—the land of our people before they went out to wander the face of the earth. Now they are weary, and would return, so we must fight to make a place for them."

"Does that excuse your conduct in blowing up trains, wrecking buildings, killing the poor old Tommies who are only trying to keep order?"

The old man frowned and threw up his hands. "I am against all that," he said. "It will bring us only hate and more hate."

"And my case? You will kill me in cold blood—in vengeance—for something that is not my doing?"

He watched the old man closely, but even so was not prepared for the change that took place. The worried, nervous civilian of a sudden became a keen-eyed fighting man, a fanatic even, with the glitter of resolve in his fine eyes.

"You shall die if they do not heed my message—but not in vengeance. They must know they cannot ignore us! You—you are but a unit, a means to an end. There is no thought of vengeance. Please understand that."

Tony looked up at the tortured face. Well, that was a straight answer, anyway. It was up to the British Commander now, for it was plain that this man would show no mercy. And yet, even now the old fellow looked so sincere, so mild in his threadbare clothing.

"I understand. Wasn't it somewhere round here that they used to pick out a nice fat goat, load it symbolically with all the sins of the tribe, and then heave it over a cliff? I hope that scapegoat was of an understanding nature."

The old man stalked away. Slowly the morning advanced. Another meal was prepared and eaten, and the guards were changed. Then suddenly the wadi was charged with tension. Two men in Arab dress appeared, and Yacub hobbled to meet them.

A long discussion ensued.

The sweat broke out all over Tony's body. It was over, one way or another. In a moment he would know.

Then Yacub was at his side, his lined face unsmiling, his eyes brooding and veiled. He shuffled as he walked, the weight of years and

living heavy upon him. For a long minute he gazed unseemingly into Tony's face. His hand came into view, holding a long clasp-knife.

Tony gasped and winced uncontrollably. The old Jew stooped over him, moving so very slowly that it seemed as if the tension would never break. Then he found what he was seeking. With one sure stroke he severed the bonds about Tony's ankles.

"You may take your jeep and go now," he said tonelessly.

"What?" Tony sprang up. His numbed legs buckled beneath him and threw him back on the couch. Yacub still stood with the knife in his hand.

"You are free. Return to Jerusalem quickly. You need not fear the Irgun." The old man turned and shuffled away.

Tony, dazed at this sudden reprieve, looked at the old man, older now by ages, it seemed, as he wilted in every line of his body. The spirit had gone out of him; he was a pathetic mortal shell, and Tony could not help feeling the pathos of it.

Tony rubbed the circulation back into his feet and started down the wadi.

He slipped into the jeep, started it up, and then was aware of a drab figure standing nearby. He cut the motor again and walked across to where Yacub looked grimly down the trail.

"Well, goodbye, sir," he said, holding out his hand "I can't say I'm sorry to be going, but you people certainly kept your word. I—I'm glad they reprieved your son, and not just because in doing so they saved my own life."

The old man did not see the outstretched hand. His eyes were fixed on the rugged hills of Judea.

"Last night the party had trouble," he said. "A British picket caused delay The message arrived in Jerusalem too late, for my son had already died. So, you see, you were not a hostage, after all."

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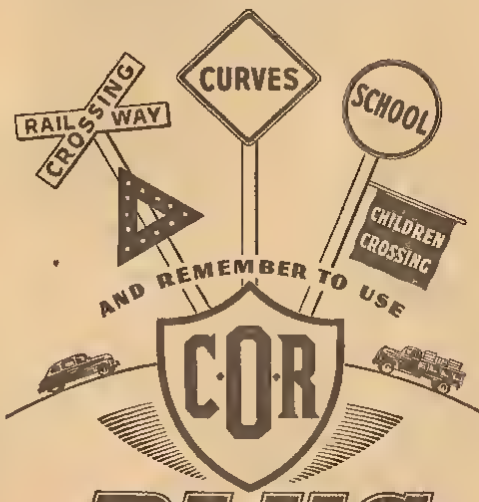

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Talking Points

● COVER GIRL. June Haver is something of an anatomical bomb, to coin a phrase, a very fetching and decorative addition to 20th-Century-Fox's list of up-and-coming. Already well known for her work as well as her beauty, June might even be enough of a linguist to tell you the meaning of the name of her new film. It's "Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay," which might be Spanish, Eskimo, or Bobbysox, but will probably be easy to look at, seeing it's giving June her space.

● BETTER YET. Down our way, under a cloak of secrecy, there's something cookin'. It has to do, strangely enough, with vamping up CAVALCADE to a higher pitch of entertainment. We can't help it if the masses (meaning all of you), want more of this sort of thing, but we can help them get it. So watch for (a) extra pages (b) new features (c) more pictures (d) more colour pages (e) longer stories and articles (f) more pep than ever (g) no extra charge. Watch!

We don't ballyhoo this job; we just state the facts. Our advertising is done gratis by delighted readers, etcetera we hope . . .

● PRAISE. The praise for our new strip story of a forthcoming film is very gratifying. We forecast some months ago that this was going to be popular. Isn't it nice to be able to gloat, "We told you so?" This time it certainly is nice. Of course, we knew all along we were doing the right thing—and who are we to object if we have to put on extra staff to handle the fan mail?

● NEW. Pleased to introduce three or four new names to this number of the smartest magazine on the bookstalls. Ref. Holledge (page 8), Butler (16), Noonan (20), Young (28) and Haire (42). Which doesn't make three or four, but five. Good fellows, too. Local boys making good.

● EXPERIENCE. A different kind of experience is related by Beatrice Grimshaw (page 5) when she describes how two kinds of gold-digger come face to face, and what went on in a tropical pub where girls and fossickers met on a common ground. Miss Grimshaw writes, and with every reason, that "this was one of the most fantastic experiences of my life, and strange as it may seem, every word of it is true just as I saw it."

● PIRATES. There aren't any Pep-Legs left in the world—or are there? Pirates don't often sing these days about "fifteen men on a dead man's chest," either. They just exercise all the animal cunning they can think of, cruelty where necessary, and have many aids to covering their tracks. All is explained by knowledgeable writer Mason Kerr on page 62.

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